MODERN MAN

THE ADULT PICTURE MA

SEPTEMBER 1965

60c

FRISCO GOES NUDE

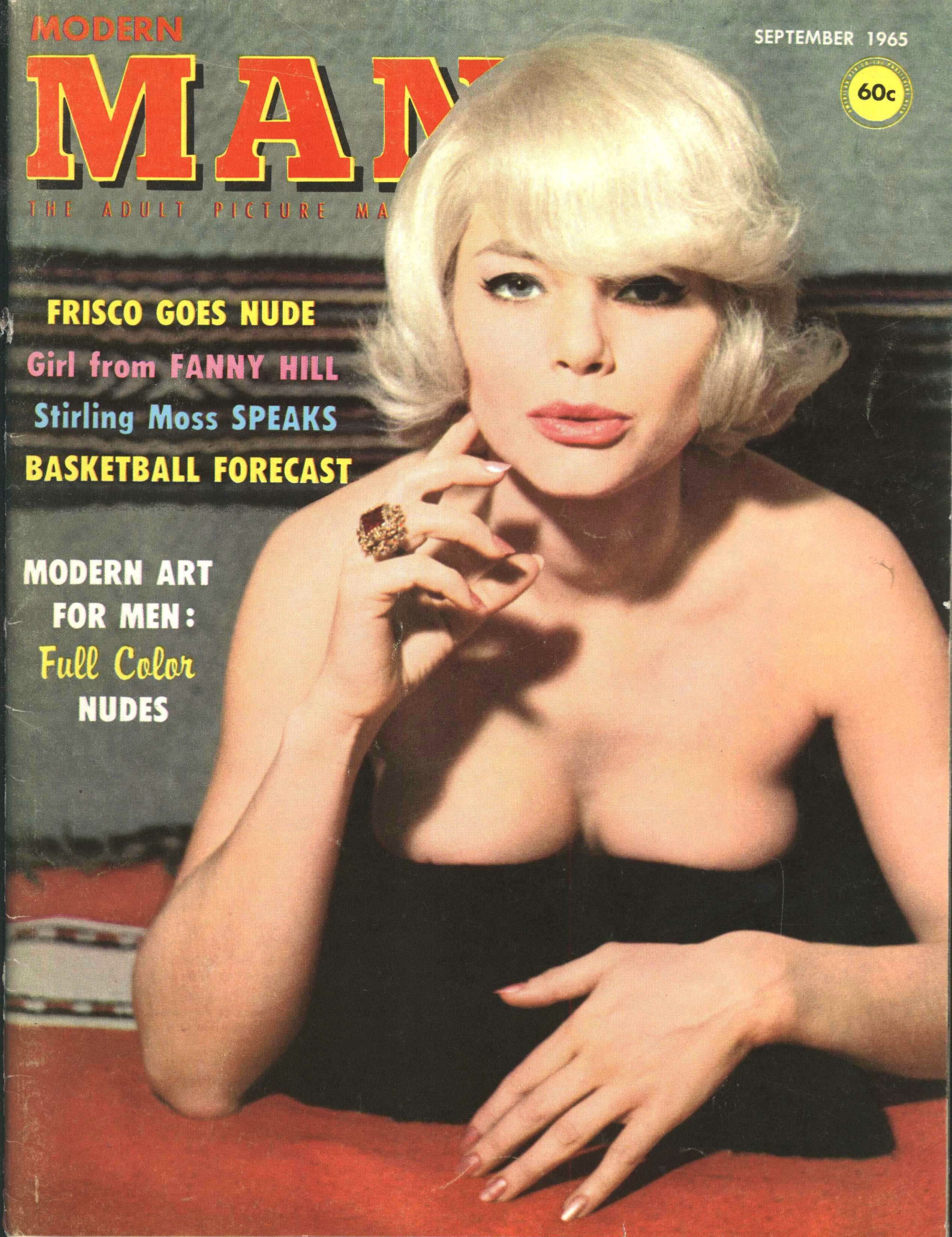
Girl from FANNY HILL

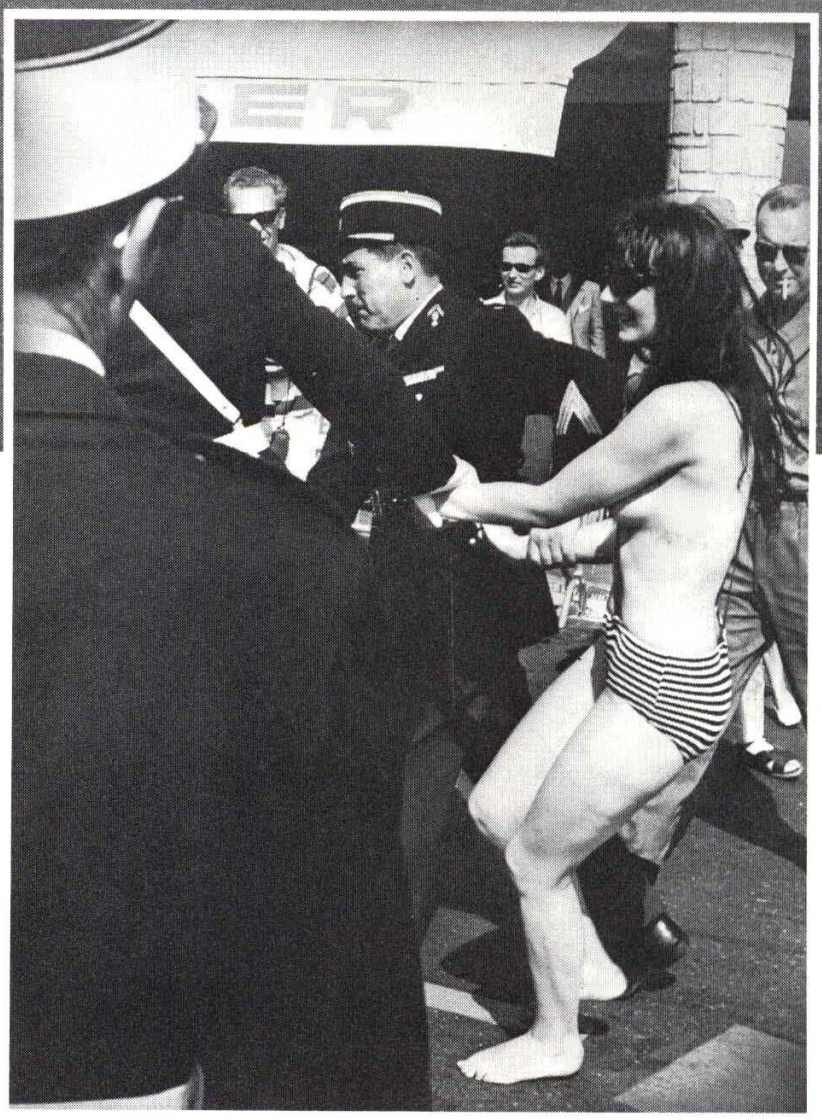
Stirling Moss SPEAKS

BASKETBALL FORECAST

MODERN ART FOR MEN:

Full Color NUDES





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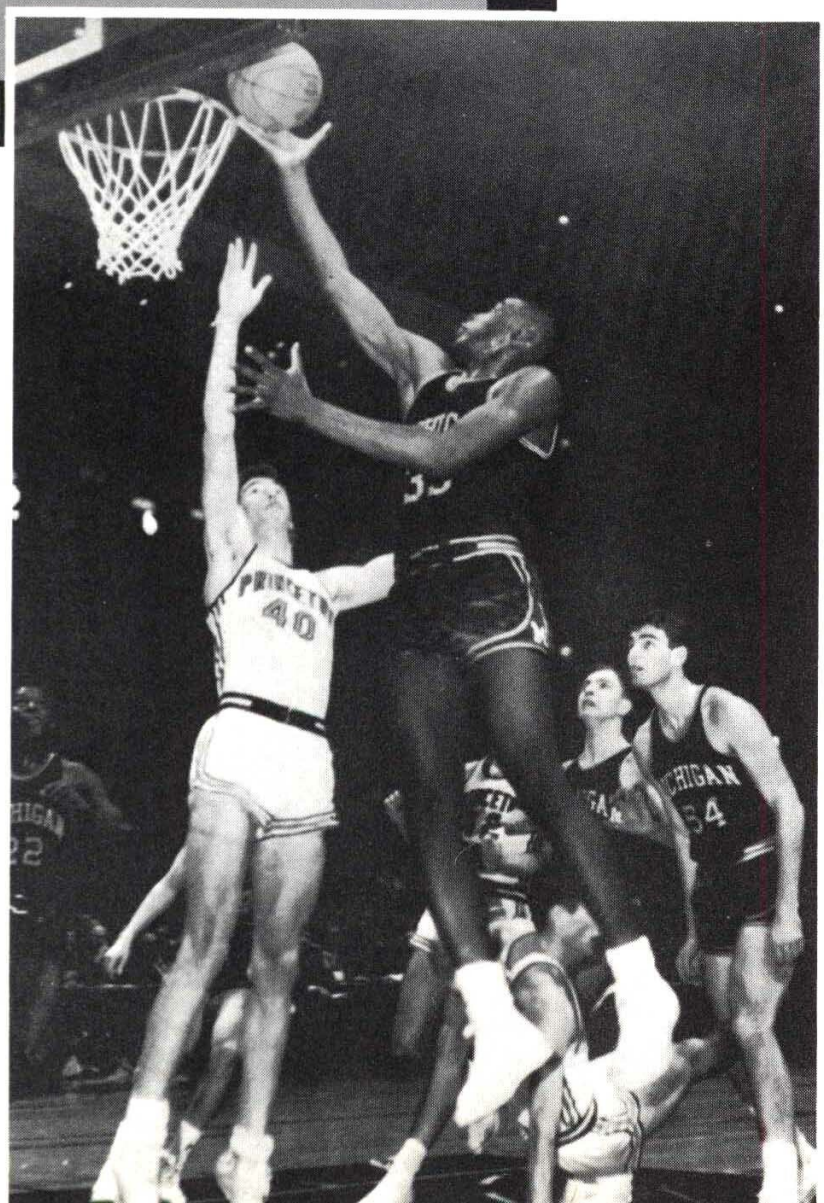

SEPTEMBER is the end of summer travel—but not before MM takes a whirlwind tour including: San Francisco, where gals in topless swimsuits battle city hall and win (page 4); and Palm Springs, Calif., where Mexican cowboys tackle bulls by the tails (page 14); and the French Riviera, where another topless gal fights city hall and loses (above, page 20); and the Pacific "see-shore" where a bevy of well-built bikini beauties bounce atop bucking "broncos" (page 23); and London, where former race ace Stirling Moss picks the season's top auto pilots (page 36). Joining Moss on the lonely limb, MM tours college basketball courts to predict the winners for 1965-66 (including Michigan's razzle-dazzle Cazzie Russell, left and page 8). And to prove September is not the end of the line, there are some fantastic forms of travel for the future (page 26). All aboard!

MODERN
MAN®
THE ADULT PICTURE MAGAZINE

COVER: SOPHY HARDY
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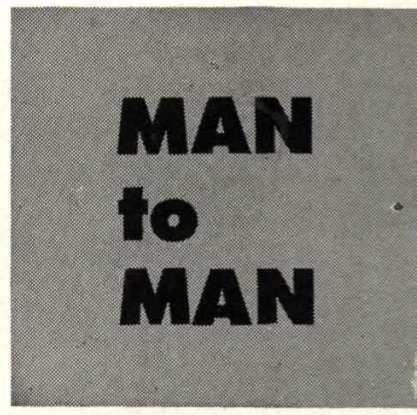
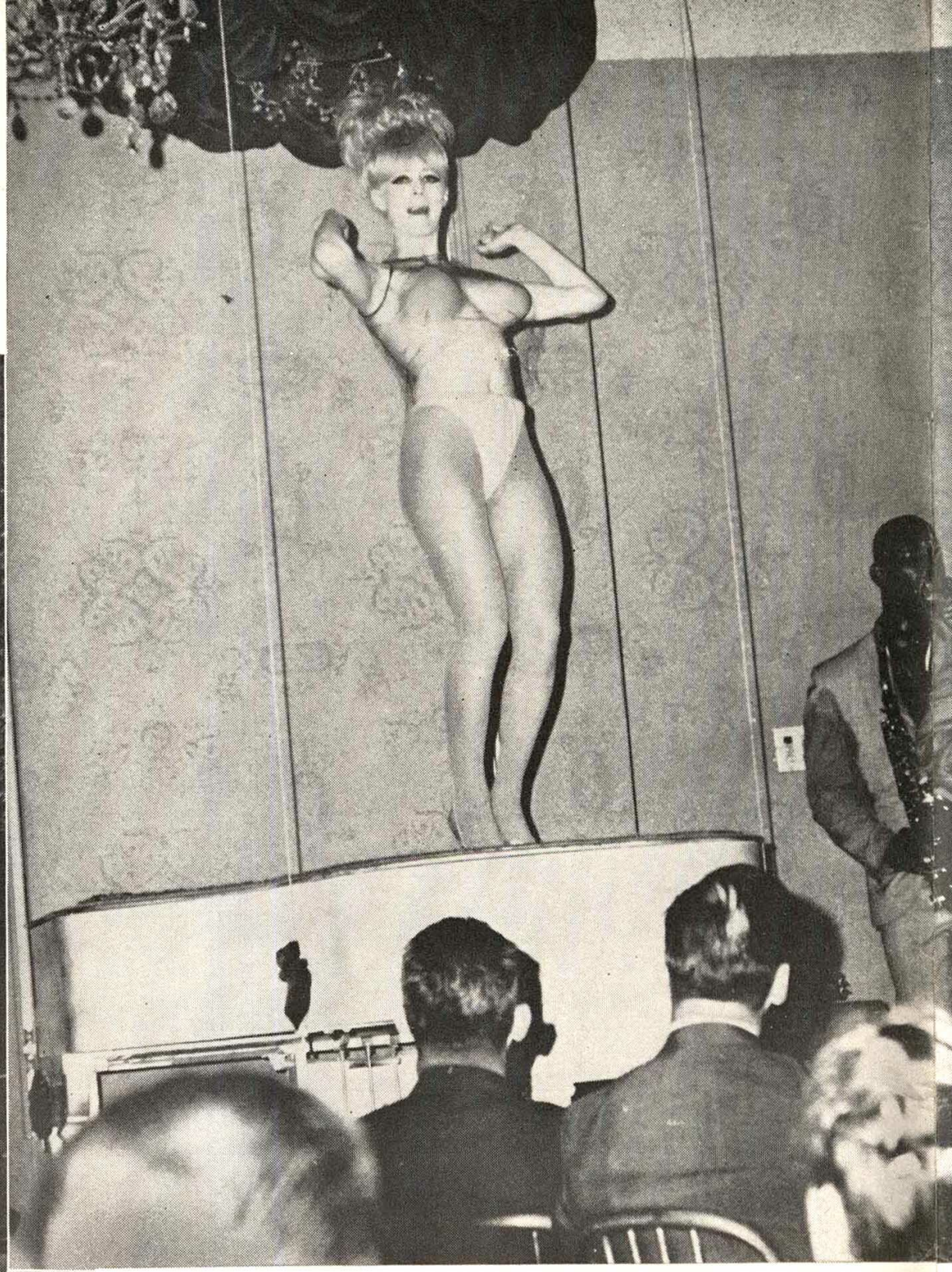
MOST CLEVER spy spoof to emerge from the rash of James Bond imitations is a jolly new British novel entitled *Modesty Blaise*, by Peter O'Donnell. Published in the U.S. by Doubleday & Co., it is rich with Fleming flavor, but has one distinct difference: the secret agent is a *female* 007 whose name is a misnomer if ever there was one. Modesty — who somehow finds room in her overcrowded bra for all kinds of vicious weapons—is an orphan, a millionairess, and former jewel thief. She also is an expert on foods, pistols, Oriental languages, Yoga, and Thai-style personal combat, which supposedly is quicker than Karate. And her sexual activity is a raging forest fire. In all, she makes Bond look about as neat and sophisticated as Gabby Hayes—even after she spends the last chapter exhaustively killing off 20 die-hard villains.



HOTTEST ACT in show business — namely the topless swimsuit fad — seems destined to remain where it all began, in San Francisco (see page 4). Recently, a Chicago nightclub called Le Bistro attempted to show similar form and imported a bevy of bare-breasted discotheque dancers from the coast. Large crowds gathered in eager anticipation, but —unfortunately—the long arm of the law intruded at the last minute and threatened to clap the cuties in the clink if they did not wear either pasties or a mesh covering. Thus, even though the Supreme Court is on their side, the gals covered up. The audience settled for less, but city hall lost a lot of bosom pals.

TOO MUCH of a good thing finally proved the downfall of MM's movie critic, who prepared the June "MM Goes to the Movies" feature with the alertness of a man who has had one too many ribald reels. The film in question was identified as *World of Flesh*, distributed by United Theatrical Amusements. The naked truth, however, is that the scenes were from *The Casting Director*, which is owned and distributed by Sonney Amusement Enterprises, Inc. And our critic, obviously suffering from overexposure to overexposed girls, is recovering from his em-bare-assment by watching *Mary Poppins* 25 times.

PERFORMING acts that led to controversial raids in San Francisco, Judy Keen dances at Tipsy's in topless gown, layer of gold paint (below), while Carol Doda wears transparent "vest" at Condor Club (right).



The LIDS [AND TOPS] are off in 'FRISCO

By Milt Gentry

Throwing cold water on North Beach hot spots, city hall gets steamed up in effort to put squeeze on 'Frisco's topless chicks.

AT A TIME when most of the world was trembling with apprehension over explosive developments in Southeast Asia and the Dominican Republic, the citizens of San Francisco were engrossed in another crisis, immensely more controversial and much closer to home. It was a raging battle between Mayor John F. Shelley and the bare-breasted dancers of 'Frisco's North Beach niteries, and for several hectic and humorous weeks, it stole all the front page thunder from the battlefields abroad.

Like all wars, this one started last year with a small scale foray when blonde, hazel-eyed Carol Doda—who dances the "swim" on top of a floating piano at the Condor Club—discarded the top half of her swimming suit. Her measurements at the time were an inconspicuous 32-26-35, and like we said, it was a small scale foray.

FEATURING Baby Jane Dunn (top), Big Al's also spotlights Tosha McDonald, who is both topless, bottomless (above).

DISPLAYING topless "fashions" at Off-Broadway Club (below), designer Earl Smitherman checks fit on model Carmela, who also poses for another brand of artwork (right).

Nevertheless, her nude look was successful enough to inspire other nightclubs to follow suitless. And as the topless trend began to balloon to greater proportions, strangely enough, so did Carol Doda. Next thing, she was taping a chest measurement of 36 inches, and then 39½, and she was still growing. Thanks to a series of expensive silicone injections, it was not long before everybody began to take notice of her. Soon, all of North Beach (which boasts 55 licensed bars in a six block area) was being described by *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen as "Mammary Lane" and, he warned, "I have a feeling the next words you hear will be uddered by Police Chief Tom Cahill."

Sure enough, Cahill's subordinate, Police Captain Charles Barca, began "suggesting" to nightclub entrepreneurs that their swim gals have at least "minimal" cover-up. The result was the most minimal cover-up possible. Carol, for instance, thereafter covered her shoulders with a flimsy piece of transparent nylon which stopped where bathing suit tops usually begin, and when she danced, it had a tendency to ride higher and higher until it virtually was nothing more than a scarf on her neck. Needless to say, it was hardly what Capt. Barca had in mind.

Inevitably, the topless craze raised a stink among (*Continued on Page* 52)

ATTRACTING overflow crowds (above, right), Condor Club and Big Al's typify bust-ling business of North Beach niteries, as result of toplessness.

WEARING "street clothes" (above), Yvonne d'Angers gets dubious once-over from officer Edward Castiglioni after arrest at Off-Broadway Club, where girls shower in champagne (right).

COLLEGE BASKETBALL 1965-1966

Staring into crystal ball, MM goes out on long limb by fearlessly predicting top U.S. cage teams, and All-Americans for '65-66 season.

By Jocko Maxwell

EACH YEAR, from October through March, millions of Americans jam into stadiums across the land, or sit enraptured in front of their TV sets, watching ten tall collegians trying to put a rubber ball, 30-inches in circumference, through a metal hoop, 18-inches in diameter, approximately 10 feet above the floor. Their pulses stir to the brave music of their school's band, and they respond as a heaving, bellowing mass to the gyrations of the lithe cheerleaders. Away from the stadium, many bask in the glories, past and present, of their alma mater's basketball teams. A game of basketball, educators have admitted, some ruefully, provides a rallying point for the alumni, and fills the university's till.

Basketball, by its very nature, is permeated by the improbable and filled with the unforseeable. It is a delight to

MM's TOP TEN COLLEGE CAGE TEAMS FOR '65-66

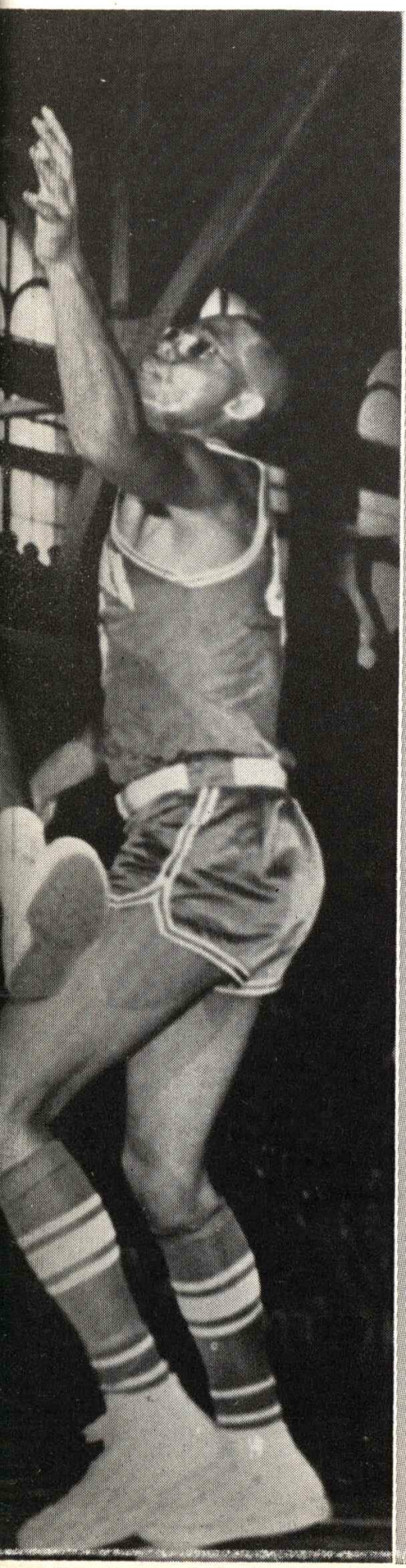
1. UCLA
2. UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
4. DUKE UNIVERSITY
5. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
6. UNIVERSITY OF IOWA
7. UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS
8. VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY
9. NORTH CAROLINA STATE
10. ST. JOHN'S UNIVERSITY

the fans, but hell on the coaches and forecasters. Sport sages and oracles who try to put their finger on the outcome of a single basketball game, much less a whole season, face the inevitable risk. If they are right, they rarely get the credit. But when they are wrong, they often have to run for cover. Knowing all this, MODERN MAN nonetheless is going out on the lonely limb by picking—not only the collegiate squads who will top the nation's polls by the time the end of the 1966 season rolls around—but also the first and second All-American teams.

This coming season, a cascade of talented hoopsters will be making basketball headlines playing for some of the classiest teams in collegiate history. The action in the annual winter madness is guaranteed to be fast, and competition so keen that pin-pointing a few top teams out of the more than 200 major quintets is a formidable task.

Fortunately for prognosticators, most of the 1965 champions will be returning with virtually the same squads—sans one or maybe two starters. Foremost among these is UCLA, winner of the Big Five Conference crown in '65 and conqueror of the fabulous Wolverines of Michigan in the NCAA finals. The speedy, sharpshooting Bruins, are primed to repeat their previous success. The Uclans lost All-American Gail Goodrich, but they still have a seasoned squad with All-American prospect Edgar Lacey, Fred Goss, and Kenny Washington, a 6'3" lightning-fast guard. They should repeat as Big Five Conference champs, although the University of Southern California's Trojans figure to press them to the wire.

Many of the basketball fans in New Mexico are tabbing

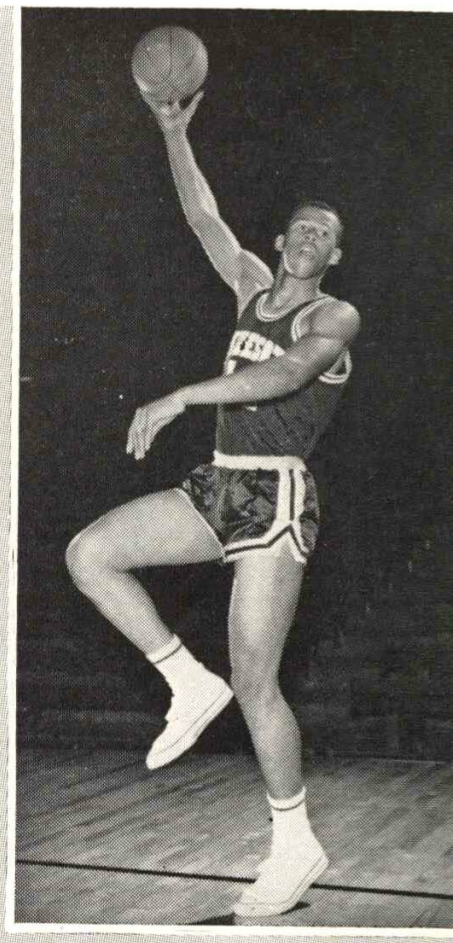


MM's 1966 ALL-AMERICAN—1st Team

JIM WALKER—Providence

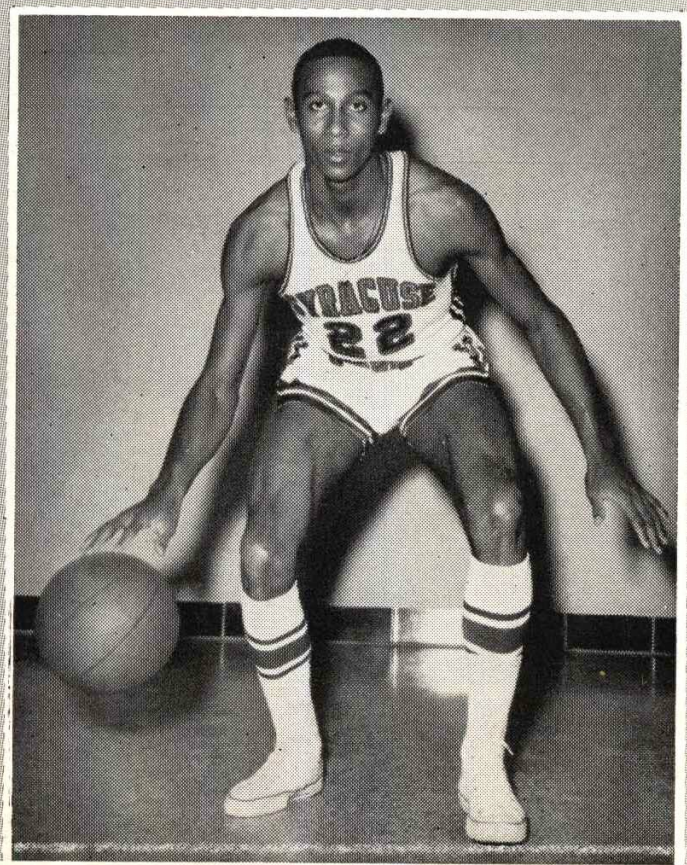
◀ CAZZIE RUSSELL (33)—Michigan

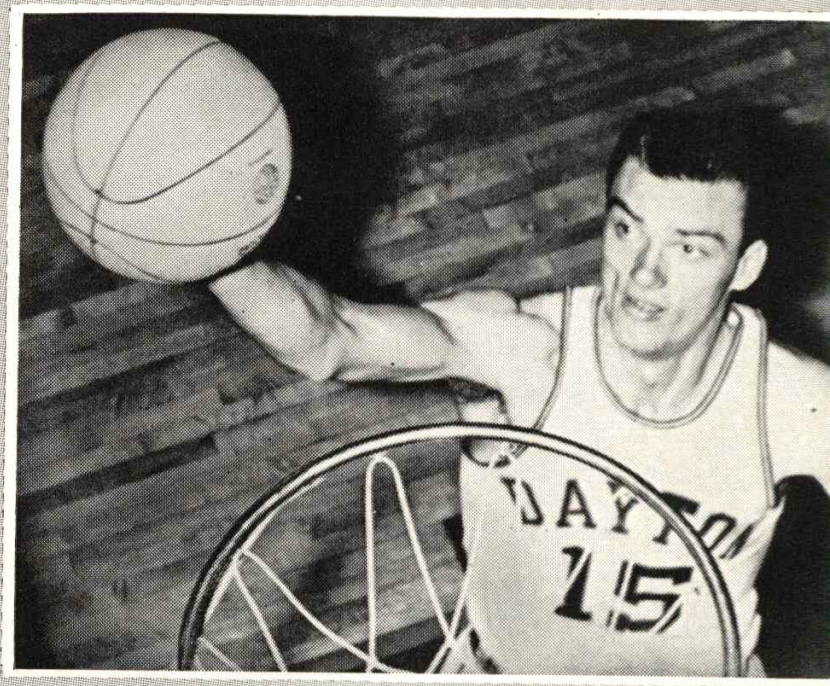
DAVE BING (24)—Syracuse



LOU HUDSON—Minnesota

HENRY FINKLE—Dayton



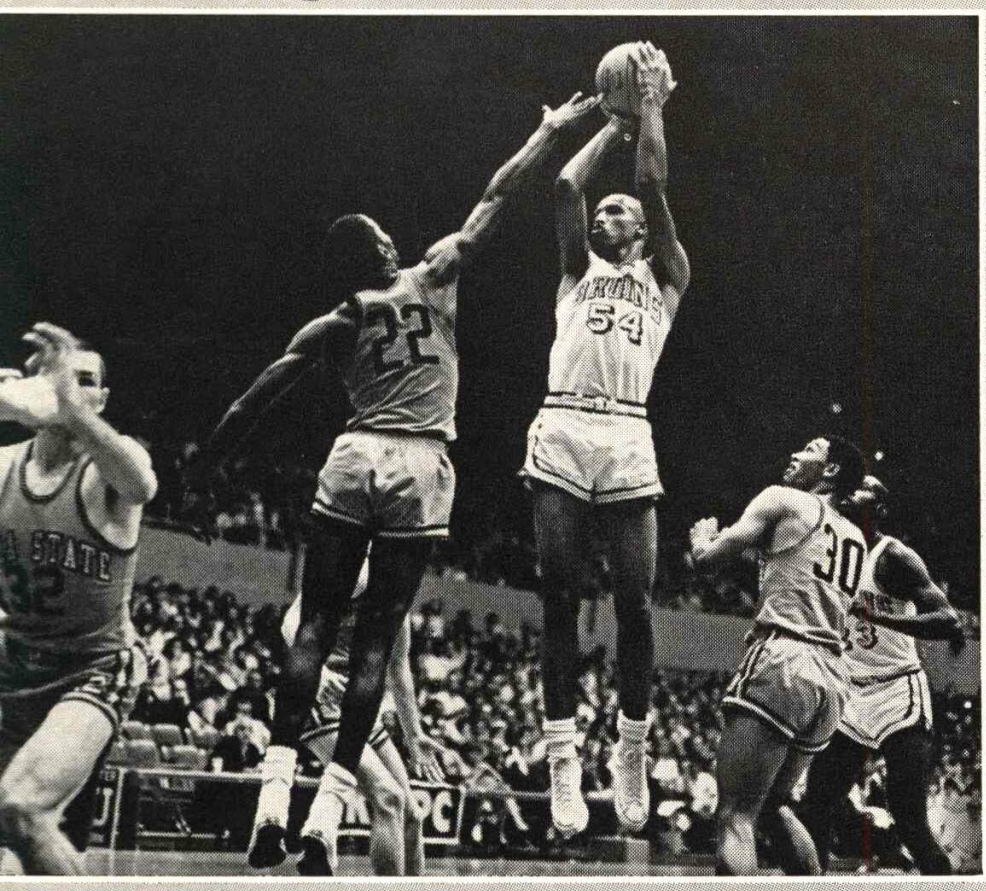


the University of New Mexico's Lobos as the team most likely to succeed Brigham Young's Cougars as the Western Athletic Conference champ. The Lobos have a well-rounded squad with Mel Daniels, a 6′ 9″, 210-pound junior from Detroit, leading the way. Daniels, who is agile, and shifty, scored 467 points in 27 games last season.

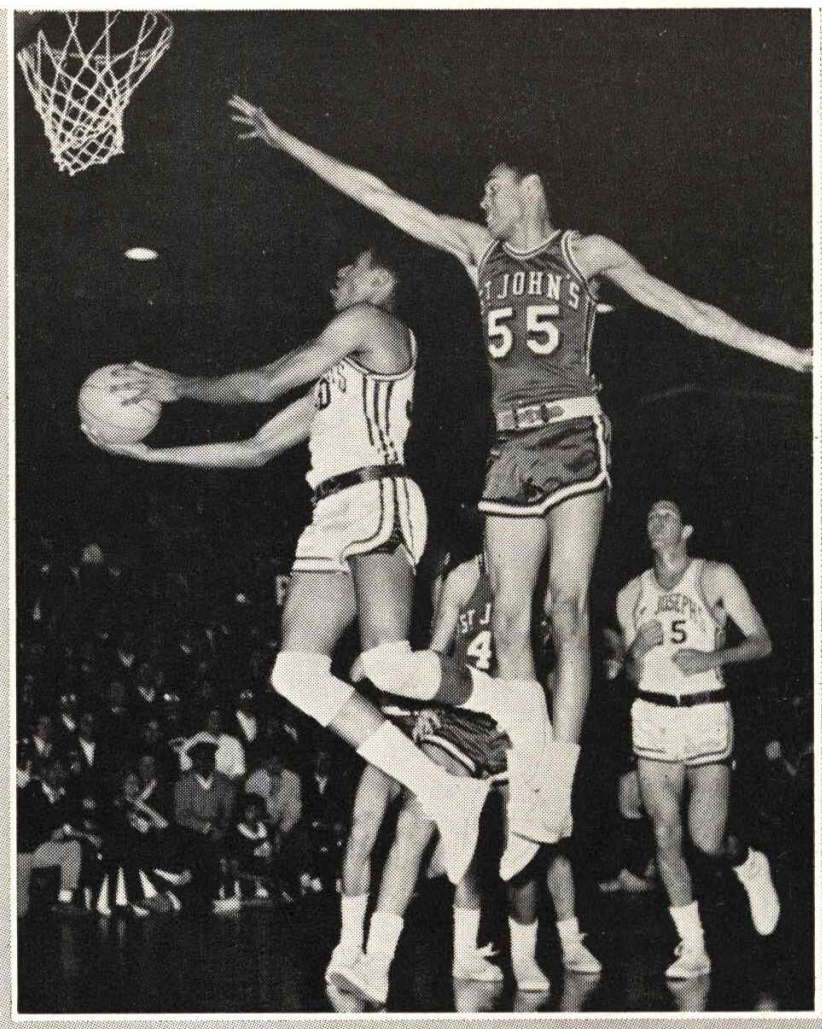
In the Skyline Conference, the team to watch is Colorado State, which will feature Lonnie Wright of Newark, N.J., a senior forward who dropped in 434 points in 22 games to spark the team in the 1964-65 season. Wright is a slick passer and shooter and should rate All-American status.

Kansas State and the University of Kansas should stage a ding-dong battle for the top rung in the Big Eight Conference with Kansas taking the crown. Returning are the top six scorers from last year's impressive squad. Walt Wesley, a 6′ 11″ jumping kangaroo who can score, will team up with Ron Franz, a brilliant junior cager, and Al Lopes, the team's second best (*Continued on Page* 56)

MM's 1966 ALL-AMERICAN—2nd Team

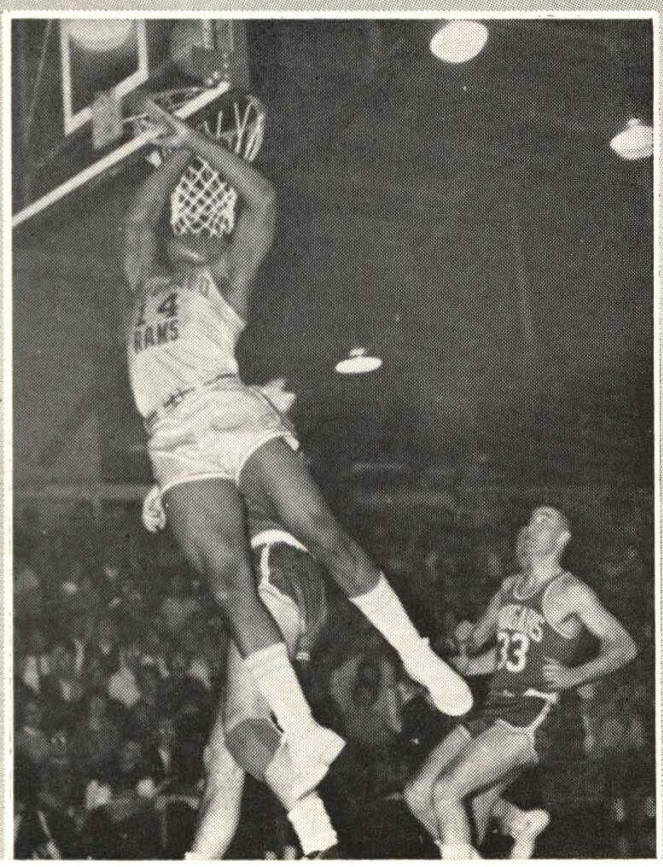


ED LACEY (54)—UCLA

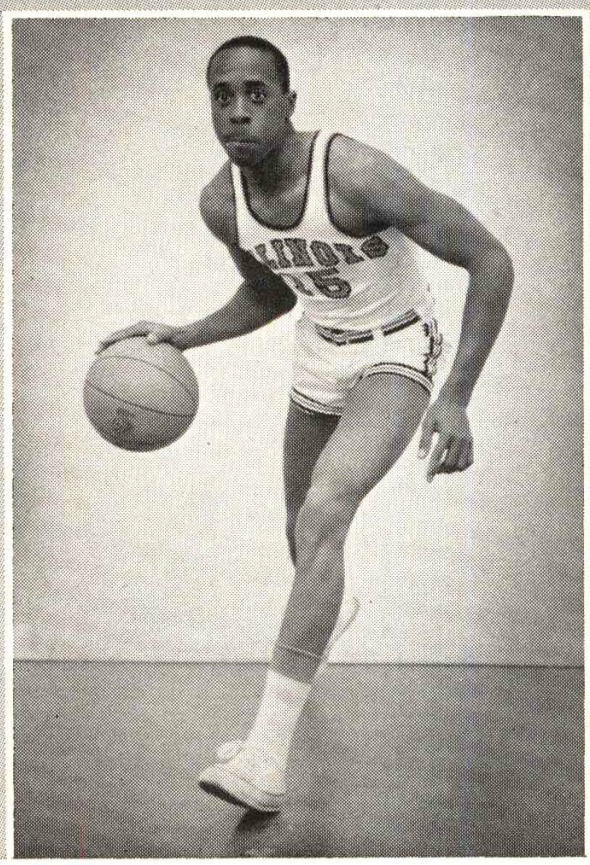


SONNY DOVE (55)—St. John's

LONNIE WRIGHT (14)—Colorado State



DON FREEMAN—Illinois



BOB KING—Virginia Tech

The "Other Woman" in the PEUGEOT CASE

Escaping infamy of French kidnapping incident, Danish mystery girl with nothing to hide is again in public eye—modeling transparent bras.

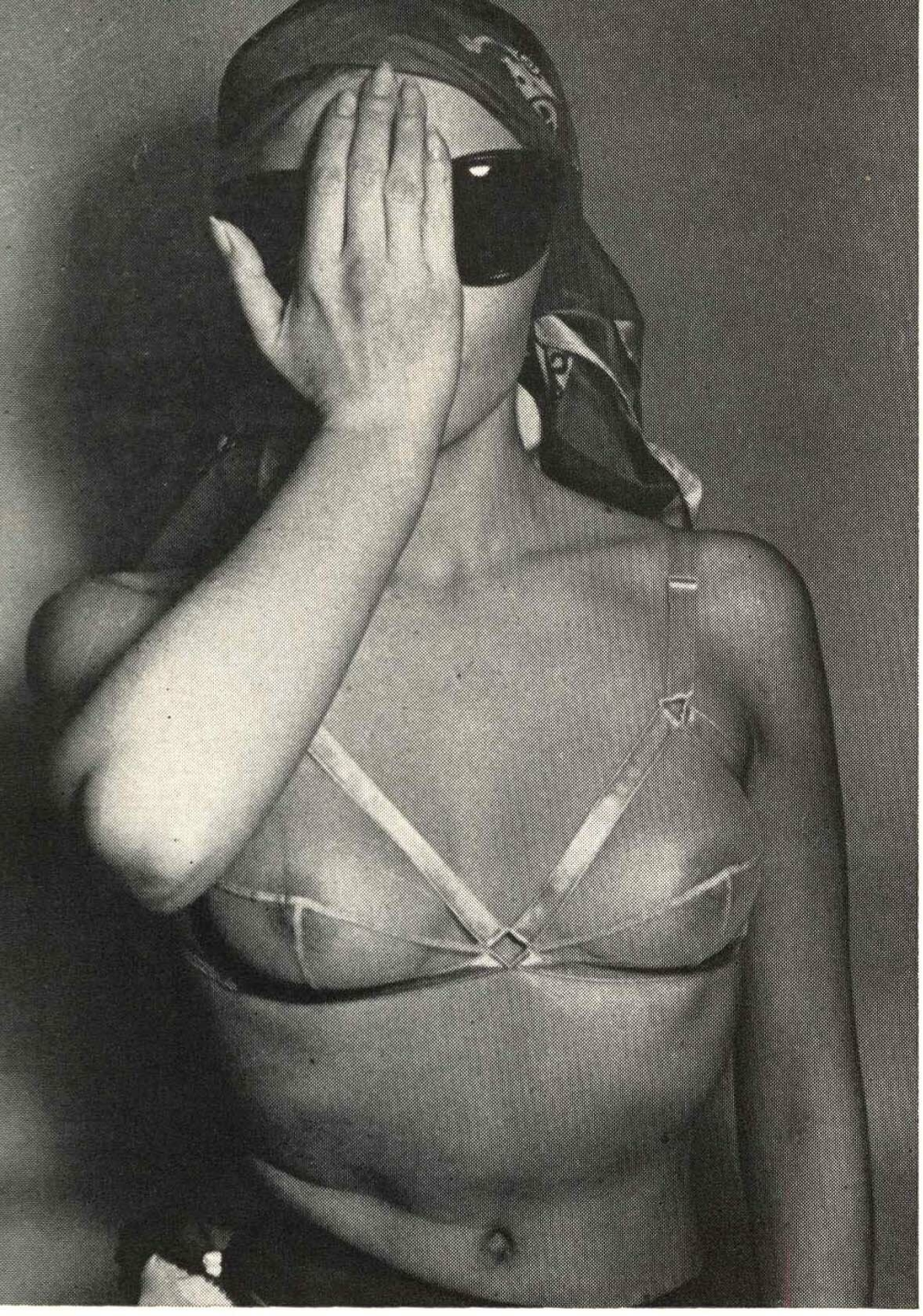
By E. V. Stevens

WHEN THE GARISH Peugeot kidnapping case rocked Europe several years ago, two beautiful women added to the mystery because of their involvement with the infamous abduction of four-year-old Eric Peugeot, heir to a multi-million dollar French automobile fortune. One, a black-haired, lovely Eurasian girl named Mitsuko (whose story appeared in July MODERN MAN) was absolved of any "knowing" participation in the crime. The other girl was a blonde Danish beauty queen named Lise Bodin. Whereas Mitsuko capitalized on the notoriety which rose from the police investigation, Lise, on the other hand, sought respite from inquisitive newspaper reporters and virtually vanished from sight.

The whereabouts of Lise, who first hit the headlines as Miss Denmark in the 1960 Miss International contest, remained a mystery until recently. Now 23, Lise was discovered working as a fashion model in Denmark's principal city, Copenhagen. Although still a delectable Dane, Lise has never used the publicity evolving out of the Peugeot case as a stepping stone to movie and stage fame. In fact, she has little desire to be shoved back into the public's leering eye. Lise hopes to forget about her misfortunes in France and plans to be married in the near future to her steady beau, Jan Laursen, after he gets his university degree in engineering.

Is she bitter over the fact that she had to spend four months in the women's prison in Versailles while she tried in vain to convince authorities that she was not involved in the actual crime? Somewhat, yes. But she has no vindictiveness—only regret. Lise found it difficult to prove her innocence since she was, at the time, the girl friend of Raymond Rolland, one of the accused kidnappers of little Eric Peugeot. Rolland and an accomplice, Pierre Larcher, were convicted of the crime in which a ransom of 50 million francs was paid.

When the kidnappers were apprehended, Mitsuko and Lise were riding down a French road with the two men in their car. The four were headed toward Paris when

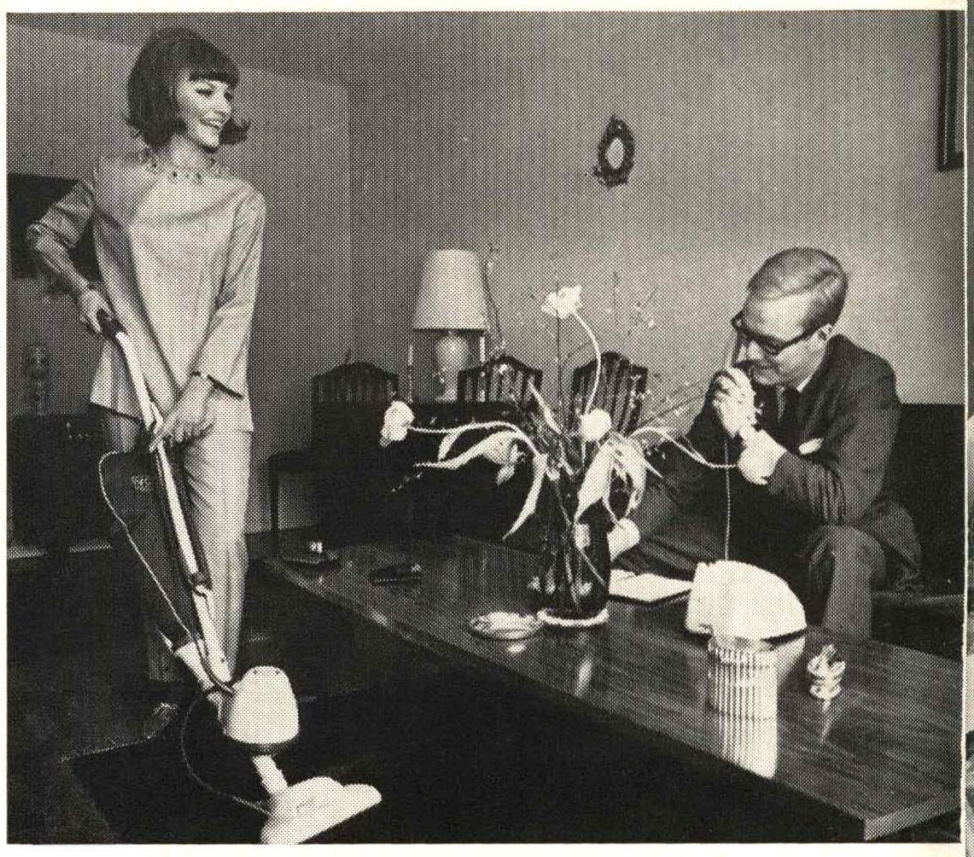


they ran into a police roadblock. Both girls were jailed despite their protestations of innocence. Mitsuko was released after a short time, but Lise was not as lucky.

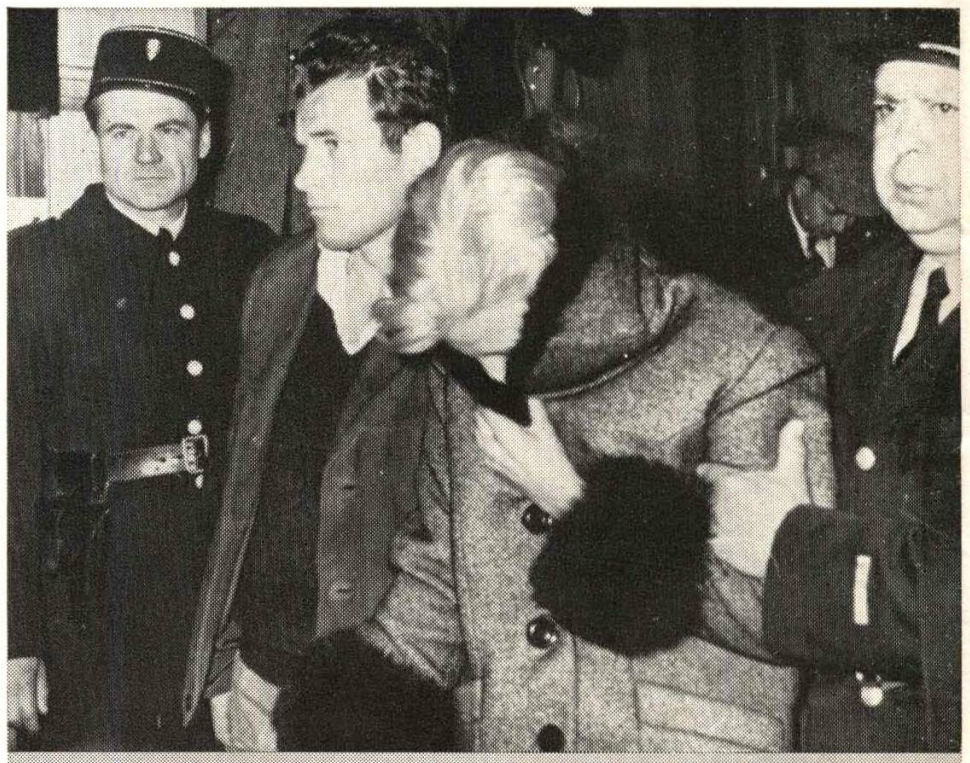
With all that now behind her, Lise faces the future with a brave smile. Although her involvement in the Peugeot case crops up from time to time, she has still managed to become one of Denmark's most versatile, and much-in-demand, models. When told that Mitsuko also had overcome the stigma of arrest, and had won a part in the fourth James Bond movie, *Thunderball*, Lise quickly wished her every success. With a sense of her own accomplishments and financial security, she does not envy the headlines Mitsuko still seeks.

Strange as it may seem, the statuesque former Miss Denmark whose morals and motives were questioned in private—and in public—throughout all of France only a few years ago, is content in her mundane roles as a model, often posing as a young mother, complete with a cooing baby, and holding a pair of diaper pins in her mouth.

So, in the end, the misfortunes which plagued Lise and Mitsuko, and threatened for a while to destroy them, have apparently been dissipated with time. Each have taken a different turn in the road, but both seem to have found what they really wanted after all. Yet, the memory of their harrowing experience remains. Lise, for one, wishes to forget the last time she saw Paris.



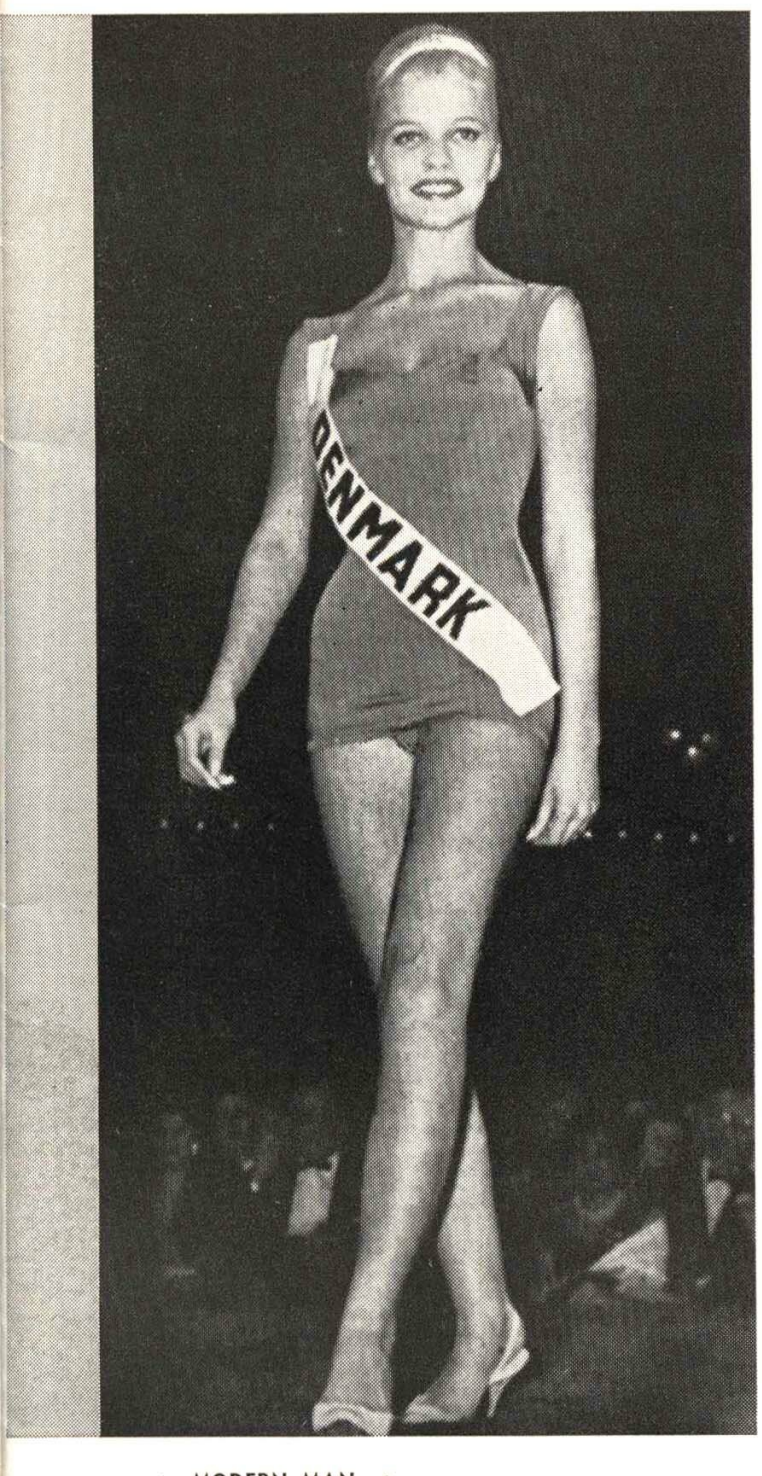
ADJUSTING bizarre sunglasses while she poses in clear-view bra (left), Lise has looks to spare even while modeling new vacuum cleaner (above).

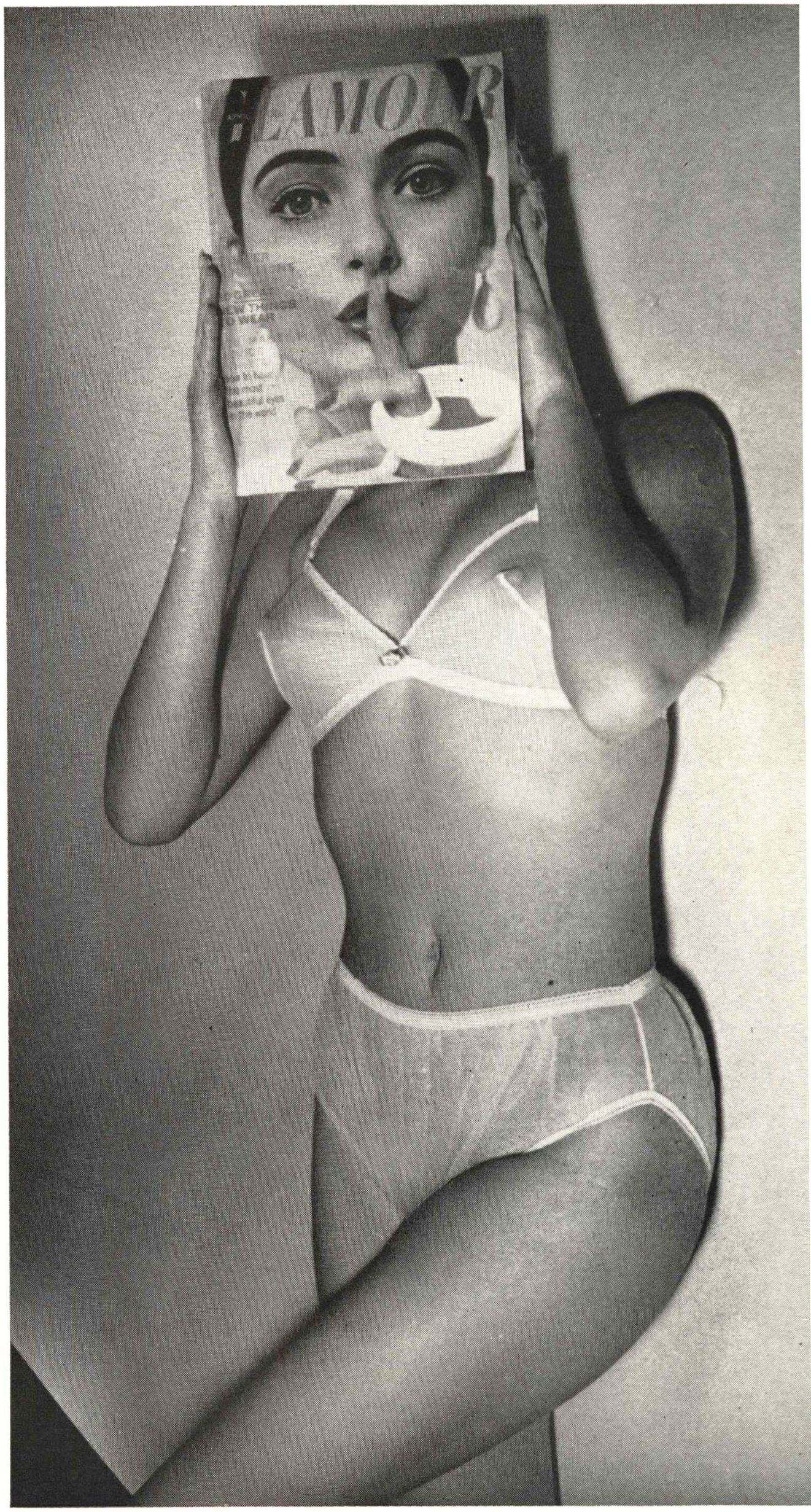


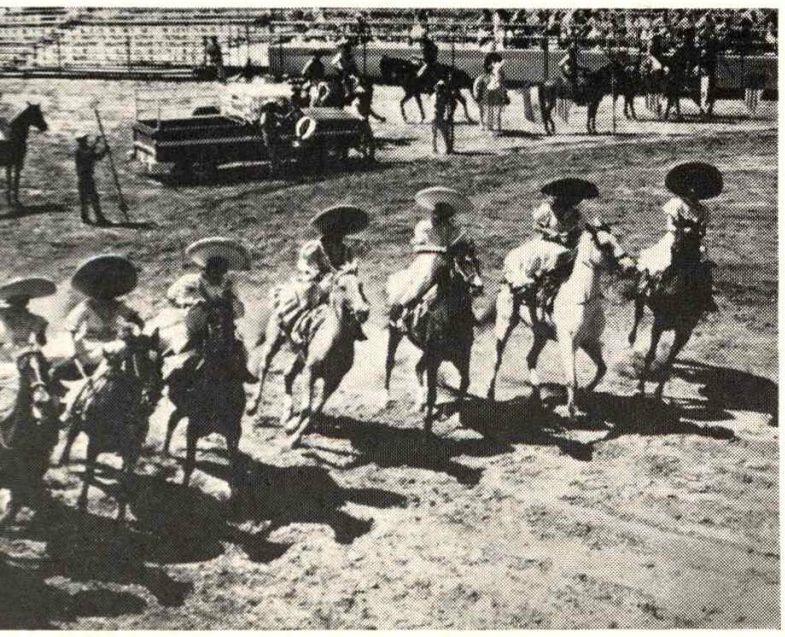
From queen to crime suspect, Lise's fame turned to infamy.

CAPTURING title of Miss Denmark and chance at Miss World title in 1960 (right), Lise Bodin was literally a picture of happiness. But within matter of months she was implicated in infamous Peugeot heir kidnapping in France, arrested with boyfriend, Raymond Rolland (above), and jailed until gendarmes finally believed her claims that she was innocent of any complicity in case.

TOYING around with Danish troll, (above), Lise gives hint of charms which she could never hide (right).







SHOWING horsemanship before *coleado,* Mexican cowpokes prepare for bull-toss.

DRAPED across the fence near the grandstand at the Palm Springs, Calif., *charriada,* the grizzled American cowpoke stared coldly at the colorful Mexican *charros* putting their quarter horses through their paces in the center of the oval arena. He puffed on his Marlboro cigarette, and spat contemptuously into the dust. "Those guys don't know anything about putting on a real rodeo," he said. Then, hiking his scuffed leather chaps, he swung over the top of the rail, settled gingerly in a front row seat, and assumed an arrogant "I'm from Missouri" pose.

The bell rings, the chute gate slams open, and a mean-tempered bull, bellowing with rage, charges into the arena, hell-bent on tearing the place apart. Quickly, the *charro,* atop his swift mount, takes off in pursuit. In a matter of seconds, he overtakes the stampeding bull, which the horse keeps aimed in a straight line. Then, the *charro* leans over, affectionately pats the bull on the rump three times, grabs its tail, and wraps it around his leg. He spurs his horse to greater speed and, as they whiz past the bull, the big animal goes into a tailspin, and another bull bites the dust.

This is called *coleado,* or bull tailing, and it is one of the most

Rodeo MEXICAN STYLE

Grabbing bull by tail, instead of horn, Rio Grande cowpokes add twist to Yankee sport.

By J. J. Howard

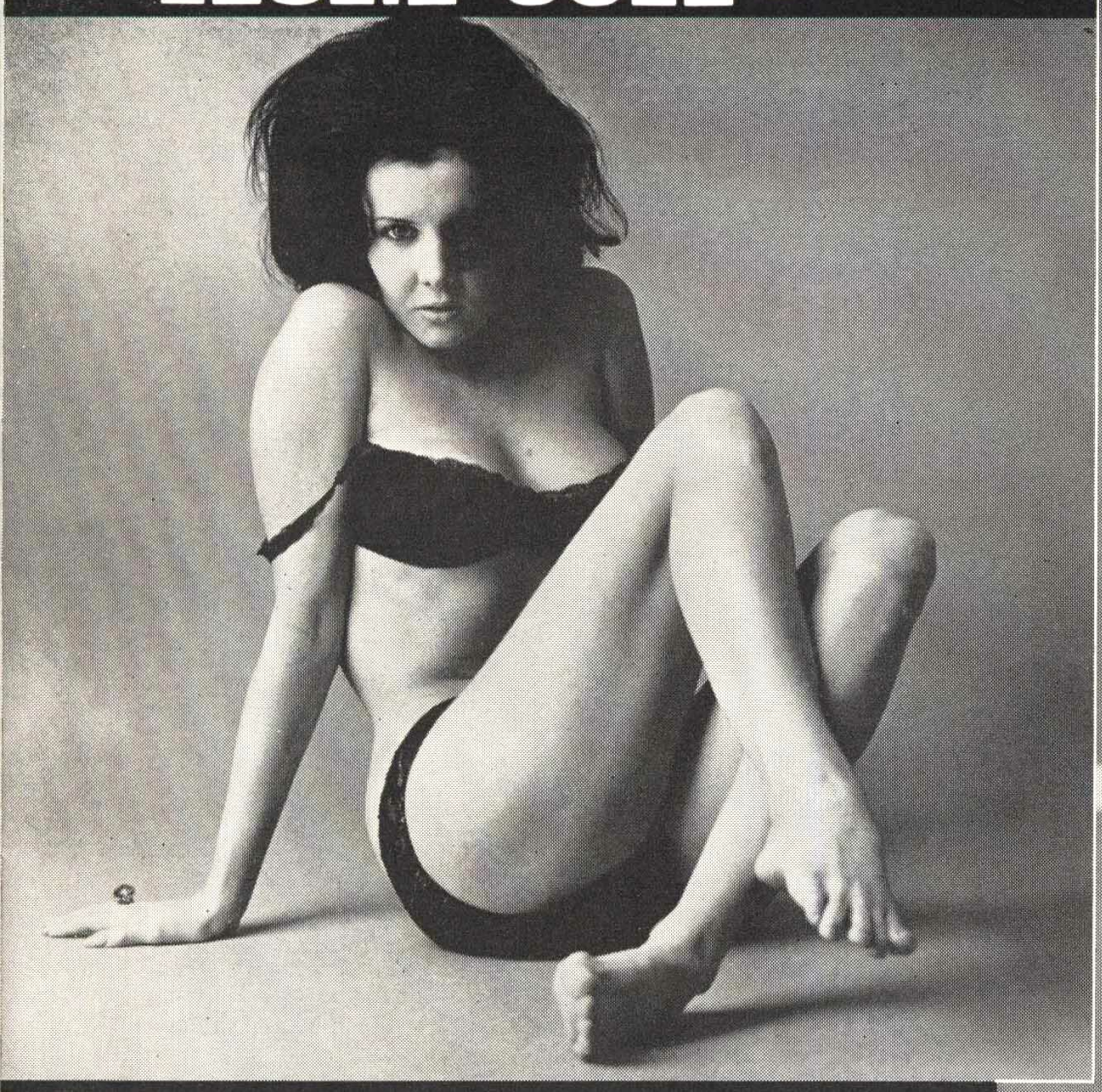
Photos by Max Miller

GRABBING bull's tail at gallop (above), *charro* wraps it around his leg three times before applying spurs to horse so as to get maximum speed.

ELUDING *charro* **(left), bull wins brief reprieve but then runs out of luck (below) as he is flipped into "tailspin."**

popular events in the Mexican rodeo. The *charriada* is a far cry from the rodeos the old Yankee cowpoke knows—where thousands of spectators come and cheer the derring-do of bronc-busters with leathery names like Casey Tibbs, Jim Shoulders, and Benny Reynolds. Certainly, there are riding and roping events, but the *charriada* is more of a festival, horse show, and a trick riding exposition as well. The Palm Springs event—which is typical of a real Mexican *charriada*—also featured a drill team of Mexican girls on horseback. It took a spectacular feat like bull tossing to get the spectators' eyes off the pretty senoritas. And that's no bull.

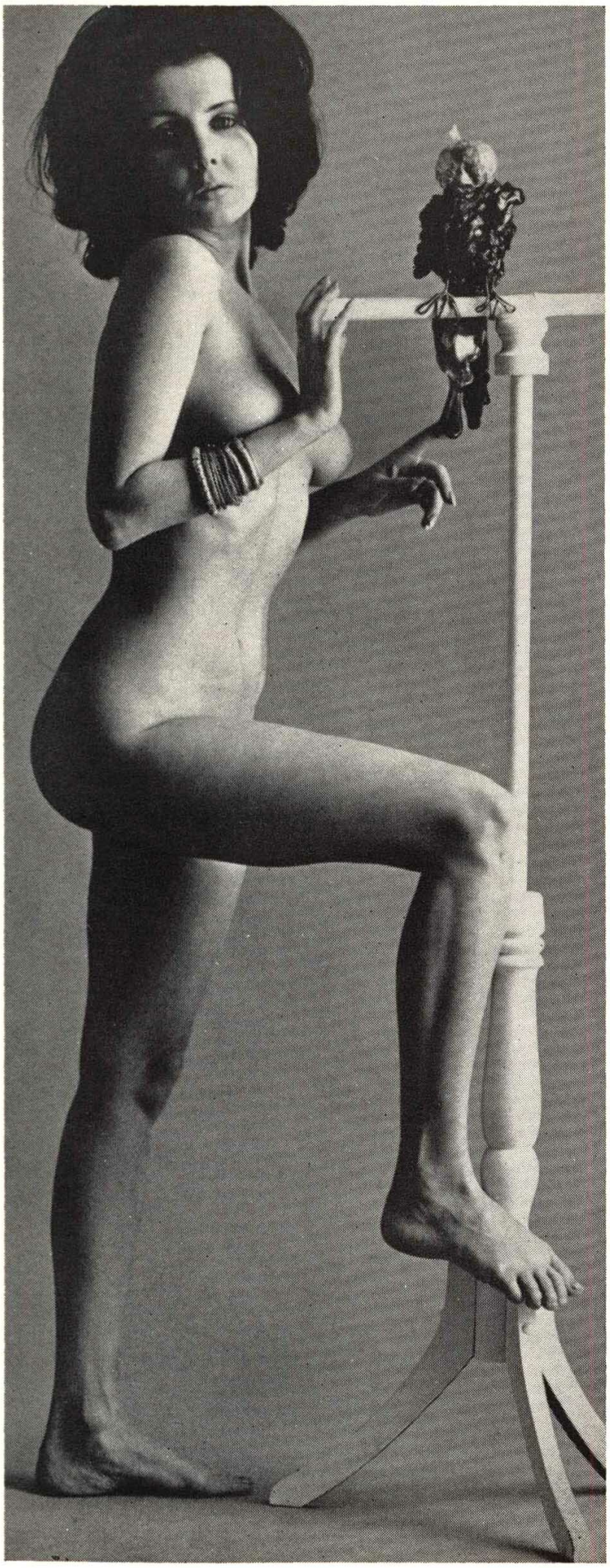
LESLIE COLE —



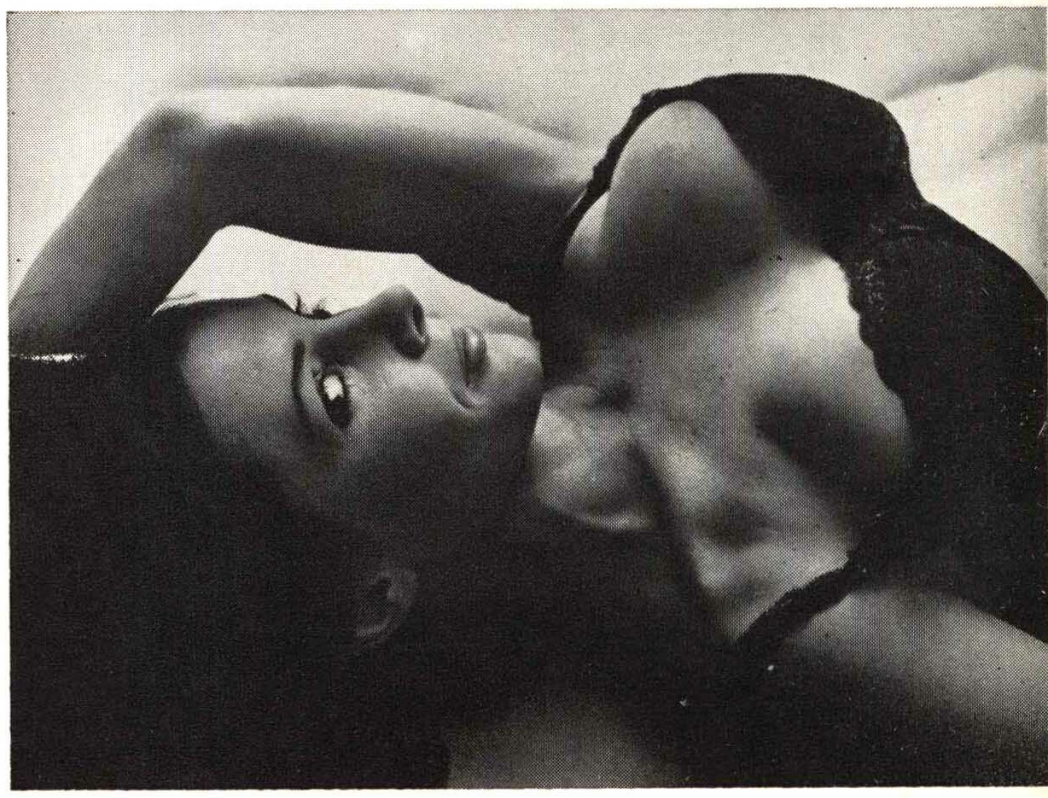
the girl from *Fanny Hill*

AMONG the bevy of tall and short; blue and black-eyed; redheaded, blonde, and brunette; high-breasted and round-heeled lasses who portray les girls in the movie version of literature's most irrepressible bawd, "Fanny Hill," Leslie Cole nonetheless stands out like Georgie Jessel at a Nasser testimonial dinner.

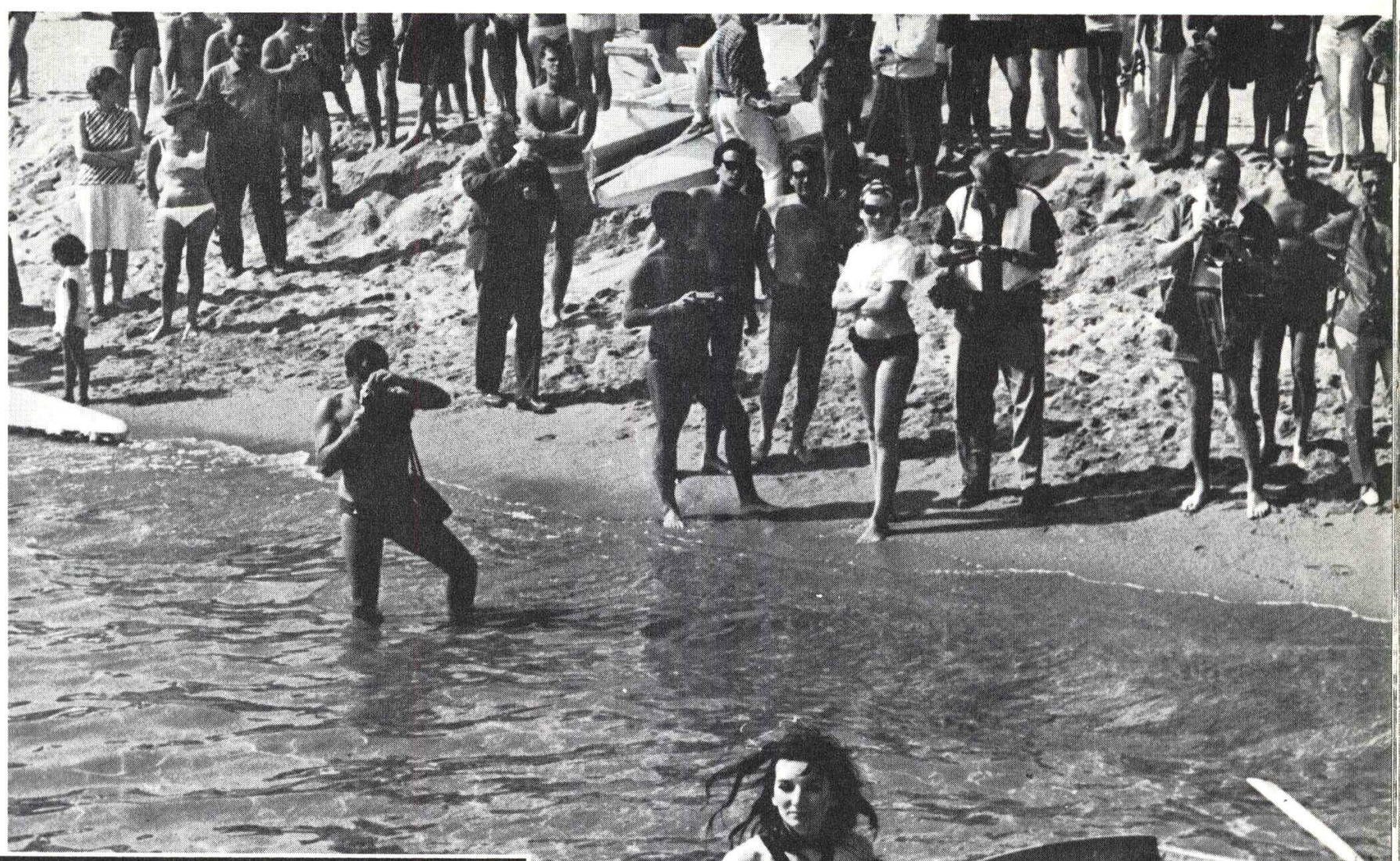
As one of the "sorority sisters" in the rollicking film about the famed harlots of London in the late 1700s, Leslie (who uses the screen name of Cara Garnett) gains considerable attention, even when competing with the likes of the inexhaustible, unsinkable Fanny Hill (portrayed by Letitia Roman). This is not to say that Letitia is not quite a dish herself, but Leslie is something else again. Born in the Fiji Islands some 21 years ago, she is proof positive that not all the femme fatales of the Fijis sport black frizzy hairdos and drink hot guava nectar to the throbbing beat of native drums. Indeed, if she is an example of the "whees" that grow in the Fijis, it's no wonder that the natives are restless.



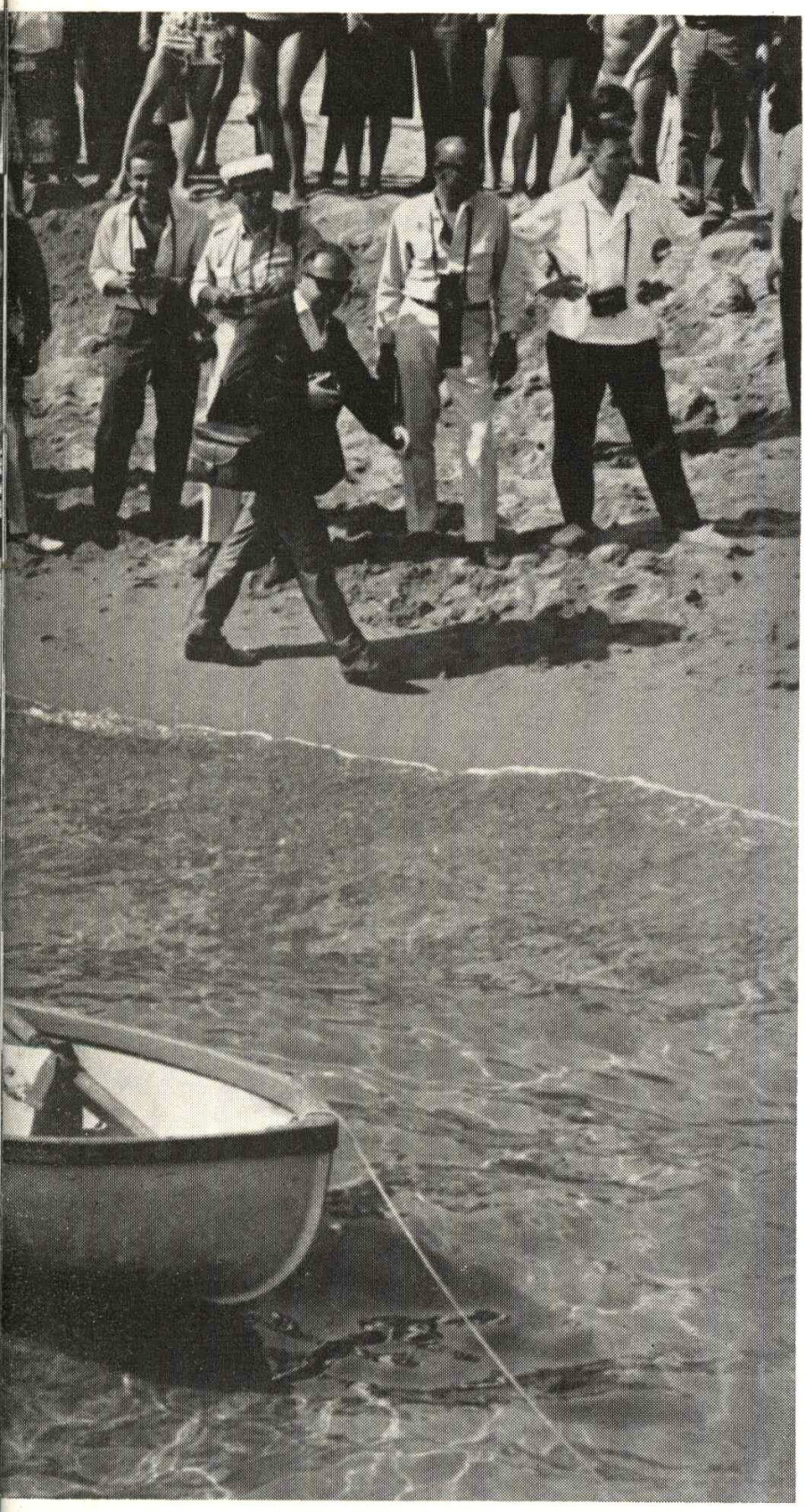
PHOTOGRAPHED in black/white and color (opposite page) by Ed Alexander in England, Leslie displays aptitude for modeling, although acting is her goal.



First BARED...



WADING in Mediterranean or cavorting on busy boulevard in Cannes, Italian dancer Stella Di Ambra proves topless bikini attracts eye-popping crowds even in France.



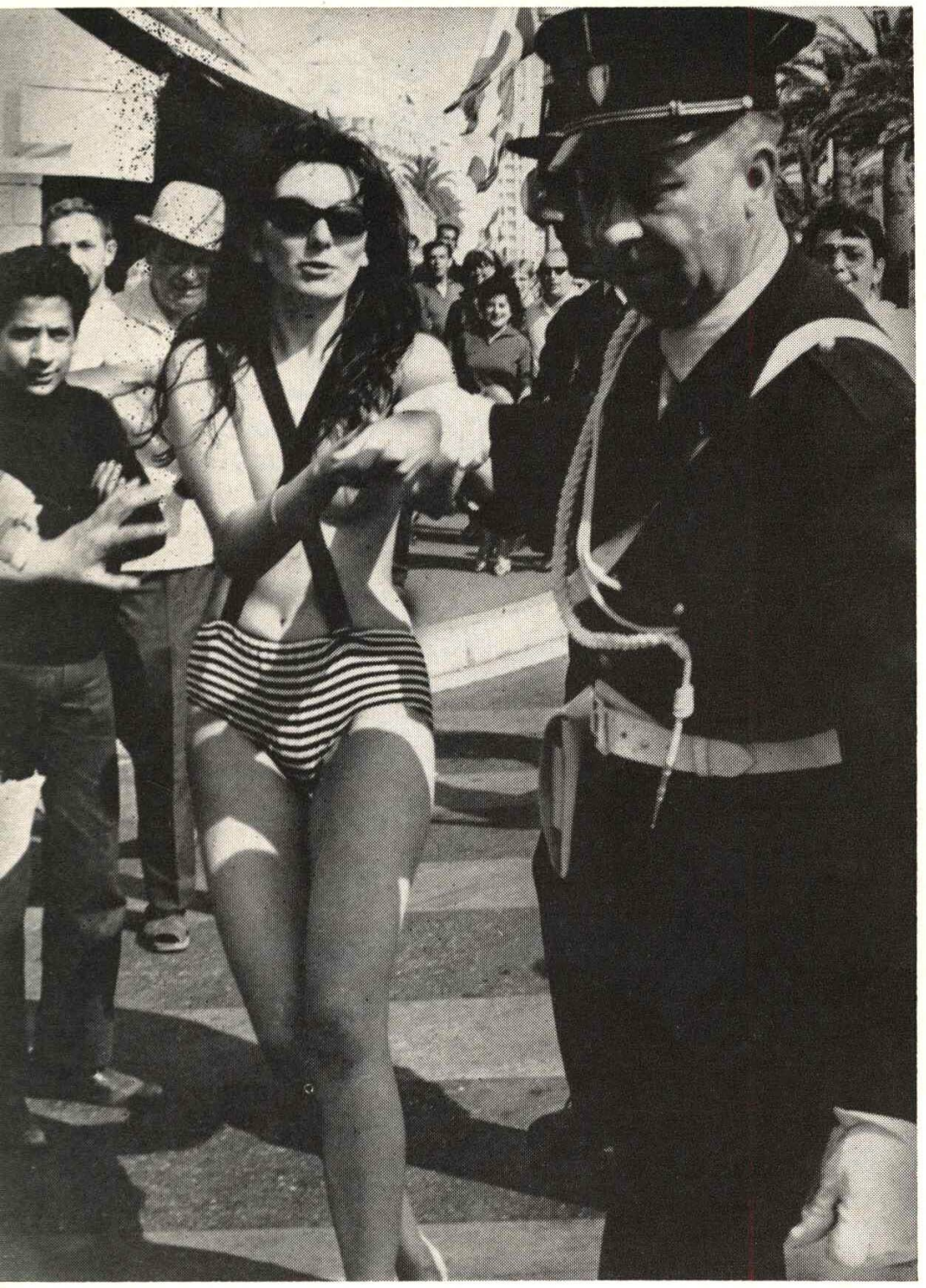
Convinced that all the world's a stage, daring Cannes female plays showgirl in public—until French cops get into act.

By Max Harris

WHEN IT COMES to halting a flow of automobiles on a busy boulevard, no red light is a match for the bare bosom of a shapely female, as proven recently in front of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes, France. There stood Stella Di Ambra, an Italian member of the world-famous Blue Bells dancing troupe, directing traffic in a topless bikini. Amid the squealing of brakes and the thud of bumpers, the boulevard began to look like a Los Angeles freeway on a Labor Day week end. As incredulous drivers nearly stood their vehicles on end in efforts to get a better look, the gathering crowd, for once, paid no heed to the jammed-up cars. All eyes, and cameras, were focused on stunning Stella—until the gendarmes arrived and escorted her to the bastille. Ah well, so went another moment of a typical afternoon in Cannes.

SEATING herself beside pair of disapproving ladies, Stella waves to crowd (below). Fun ends, however, with arrival of gendarmes (right).

...Then BARRED!



Of course, the incident took place during the annual Cannes Film Festival, when the city is stacked to the rooftops with girls who are eager to bare all for the sake of publicity. But, whereas most starlets and models are just timid enough to restrict their antics to the beaches (where people, by nature, are more inclined to live and let live), Stella boldly ventured onto the boulevard, where her near-nudity was in startling contrast to the fully-dressed pedestrians.

In front of the busiest hotel on the busiest thoroughfare in town, Stella did her best to create as much of a disturbance as possible. In addition to her efforts to direct traffic, she also cavorted on the sidewalks, posed for tourists and news photographers, and seated herself at a sidewalk cafe beside a pair of middle-aged women—the only onlookers, incidentally, who expressed disgust over Stella's impromptu fashion show.

The fun came to an end with the arrival of the fuzz, but even in pinching—ah, *arresting* her, the French police did Stella a good turn. You see, the local hoosegow is located in the same building as the radio and TV stations. And from Miss Di Ambra's point of view, nothing could have been more convenient.

CLUTCHED by long arm of law, Stella faces night behind bars, but in jail conveniently located in local TV-radio building.

BRONCOS OF THE BRINY

By E.V. Stevens
Photos by John R. Hamilton

With make-believe mustang, beach goin' guys and dolls ride tall in saddle near homes on sandy range.

IT'S GETTING SO that you can find bronco-busters in the dangdest places these days. No longer are they limited to roaming the range or shootin' the chutes at the local rodeo. No siree. Today, you can even find them down by the seashore around Long Beach, Calif., and although they still yell "Yipee" and "Ride 'em cowboy," the vernacular is strictly out of a John Wayne movie. You see, these beach bronco-busters aren't really cowboys at all. They are a bunch of guys and their dolls who have dreamed up the wackiest rodeo on either side of the Great Divide. Bronc-bustin' on the briny came about when the beach blanket set learned that some

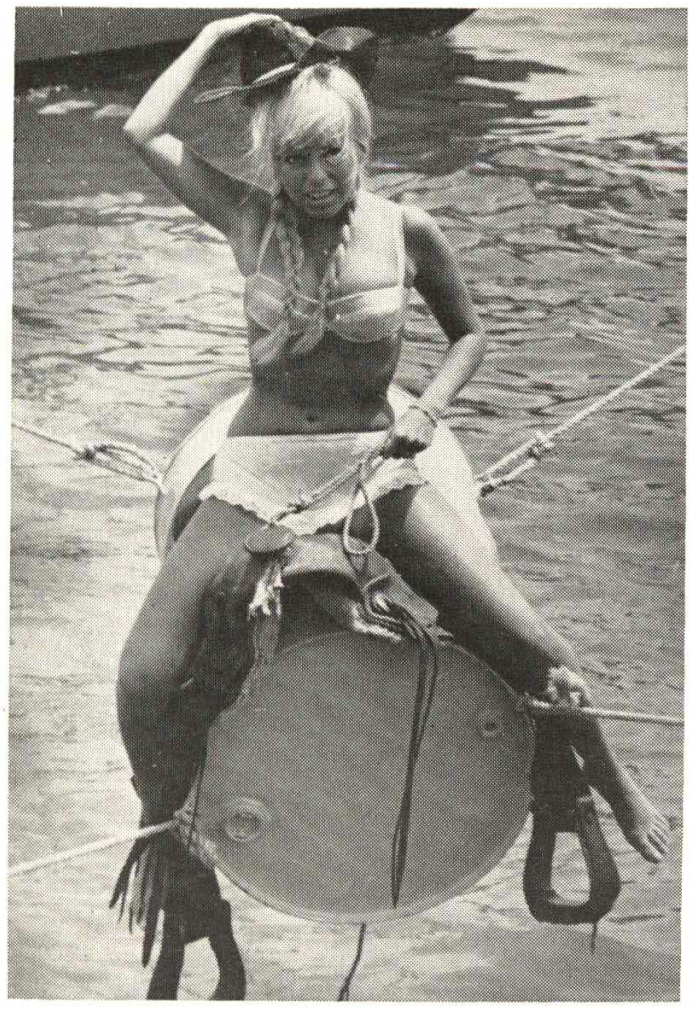
GAMES FOR BIG BOYS (AND GIRLS)

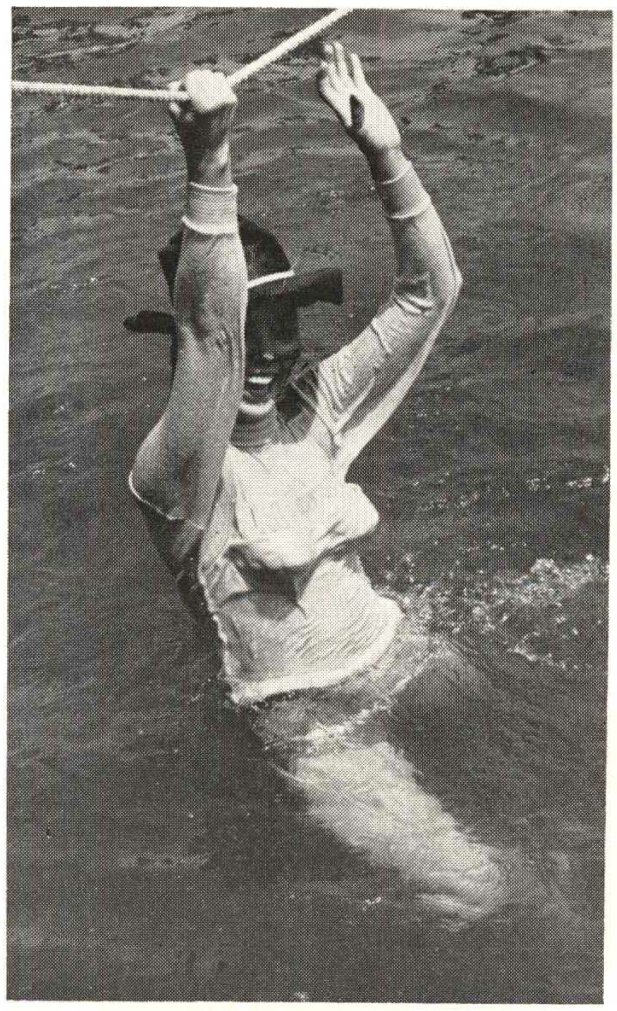
ADAPTING dry land bronc-bustin' to watery surroundings (left, above left, above), aquatic cowpokes learn make-believe hoss is maverick.

honest-to-Wyatt Earp cowboys had invented a game whereby the "bronc" wasn't a horse at all—but an empty metal drum which was suspended between four sturdy trees, saddled, and then ridden while a dozen or so strong wranglers tugged on the ropes so hard that the drum bucked violently. It sounded like such fun that the Long Beach boys put away their surfboards and started sitting tall in the saddle.

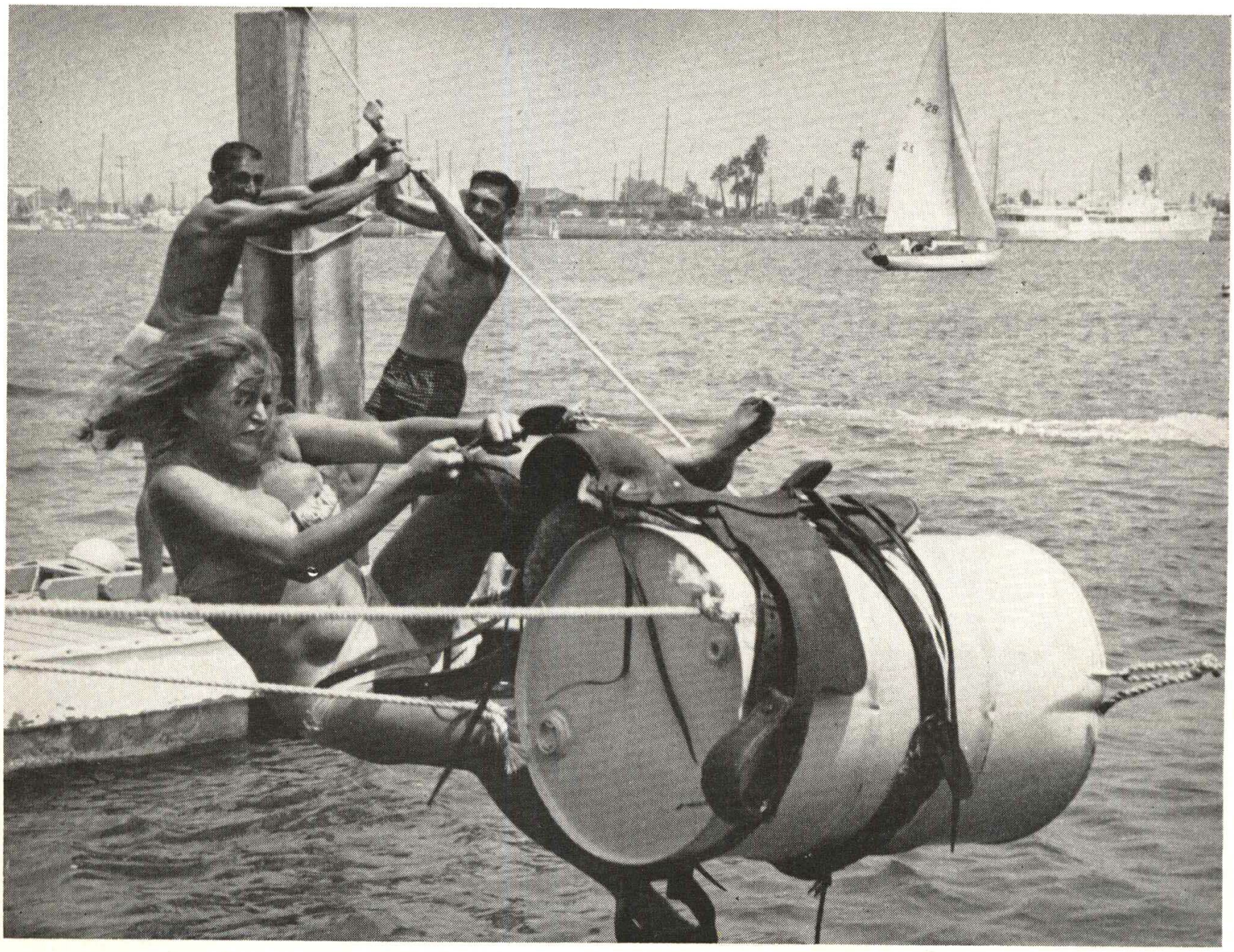
Utilizing an empty boat slip, the guys and gals rigged up just about the meanest make-believe critter ever seen west of the Pecos. Once the saddle was fastened to the barrel, the intrepid bronc riders were rowed out to the steed where they mounted up and tried to stay on as the muscle-boys on the docks tugged on the ropes.

Joining in the fun were a bunch of curvy, nervy beach cowbelles. Instead of riding britches, they wore the teeniest bikinis possible which made it obvious that energy and ingenuity were not the only things they were overflowing with. As veteran girl watchers, the beach boys admitted that they never saw such form—or so much of it—as when the gals attempted to stay in the saddle. For a gal in a bikini is worthy of a second glance anytime. But when you put her aboard a sea-going bronco, you've got Pegasus by the tail. Or sheer poetry in motion. Any way you look at her, she rates an enthusiastic comment. Like, "Yipee," for example.





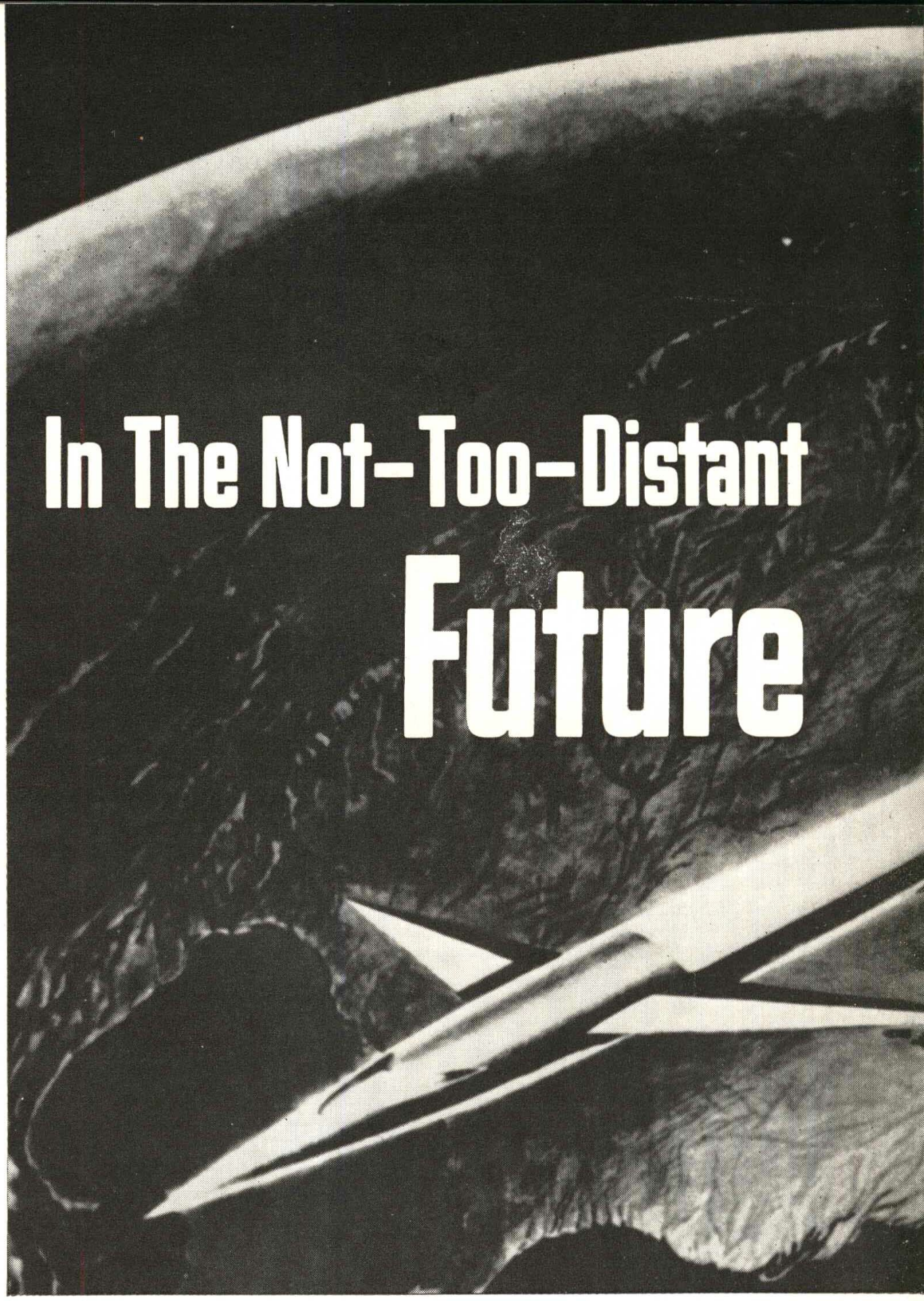
BREAKING in improvised sea horse (above left to right, below), curvaceous water wranglers dampen everything but enthusiasm when they match equestrienne skills with frisky steed unlike anything seen back home on range.



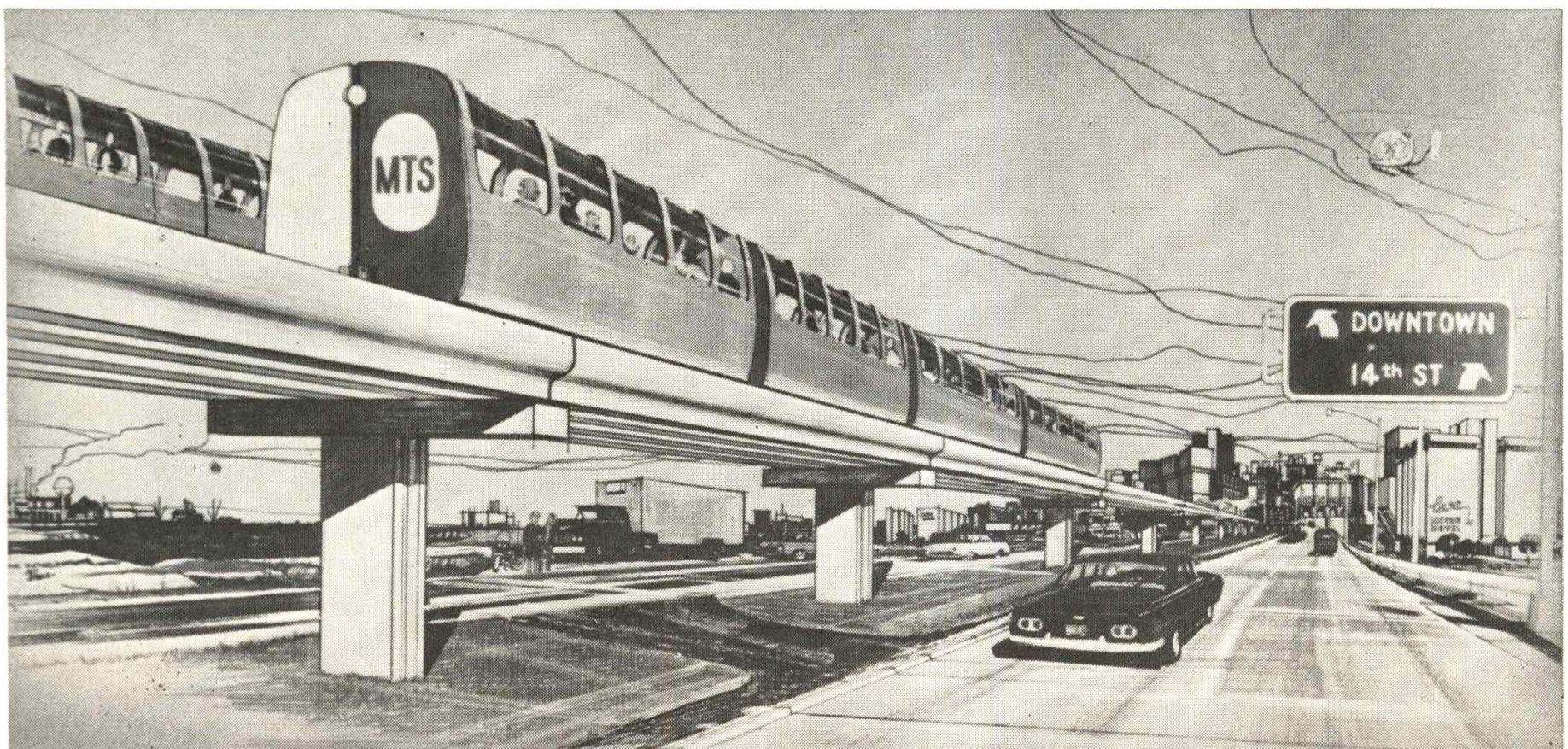
Travel In The Not-Too-Distant Future

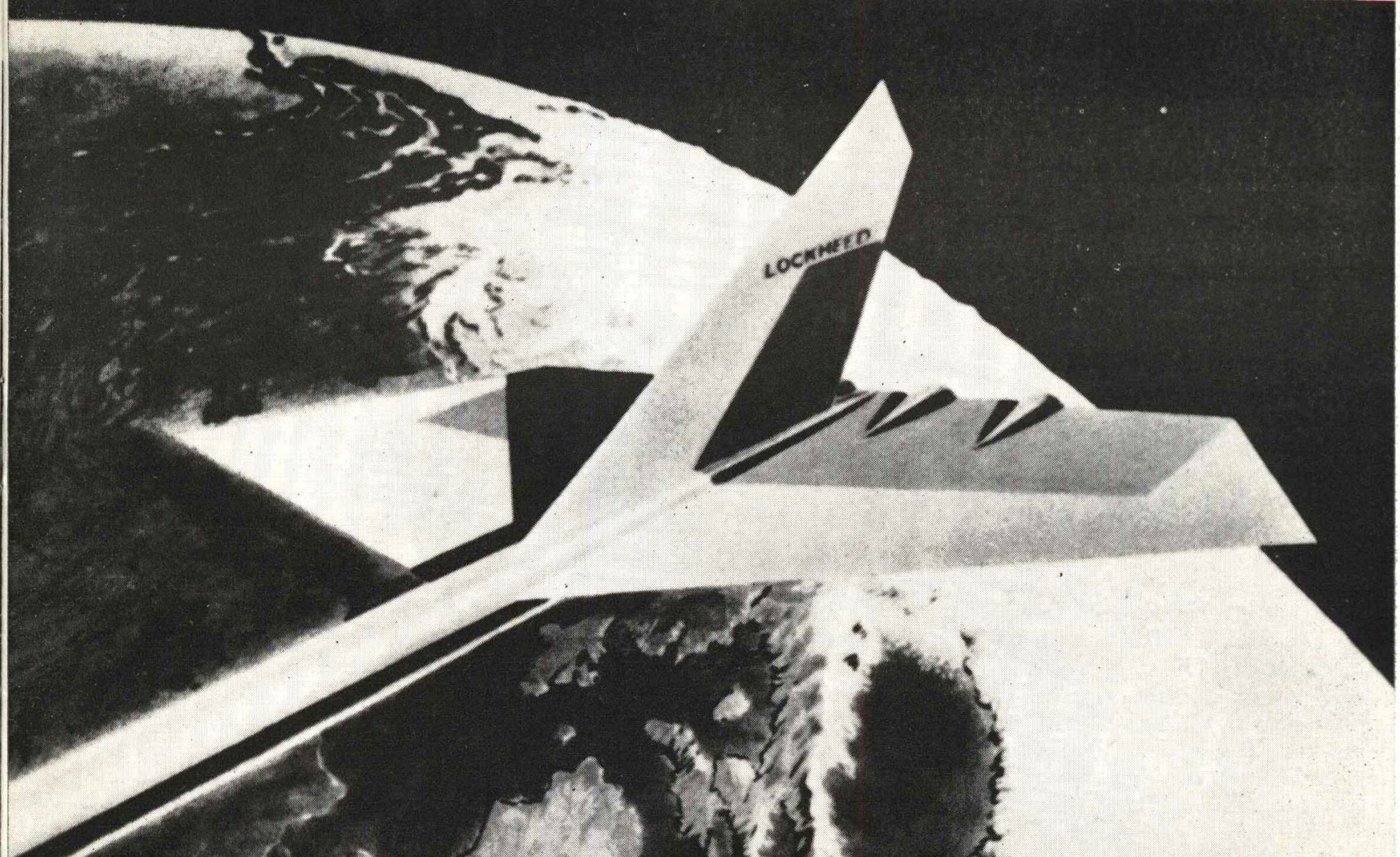
By Marv Kemp

Preparing now to avoid biggest traffic jam in history, experts foresee fantastic types, speed of travel within decade.



FEATURING complete automation (below), low cost rapid transit trains of future may be similar to artist rendition from Westinghouse Company.

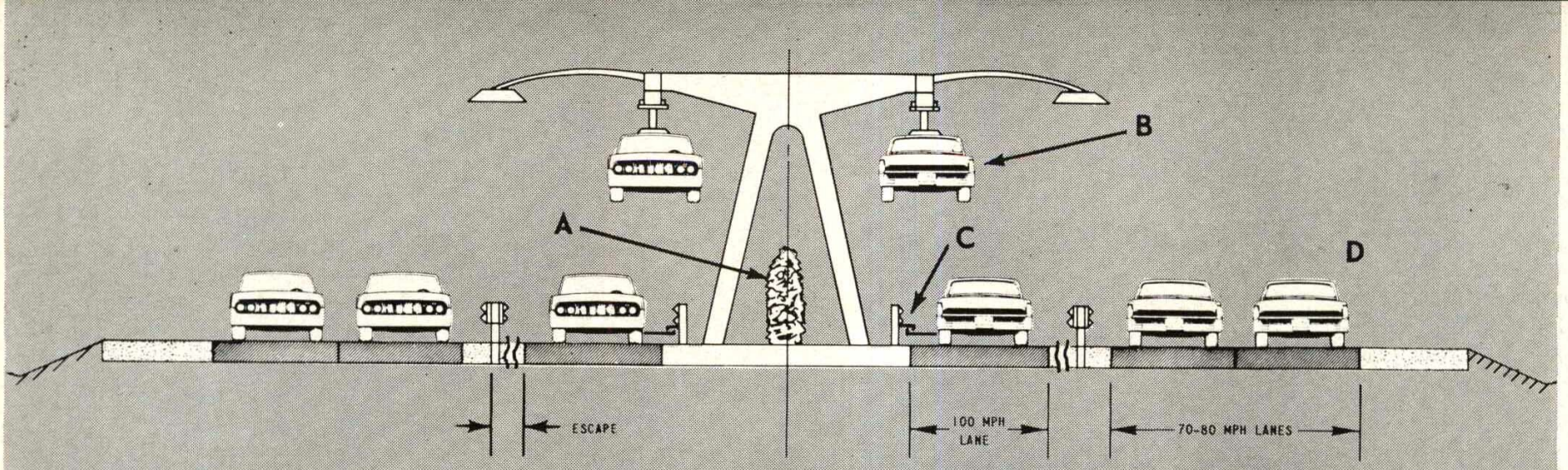




IF YOU'RE ONE of those guys who is fed up with bucking bumper-to-bumper traffic and jam-packed commuter trains going to and from your job, the transportation experts have a few words of advice to give you. Words like "Simmer down, Charlie—you ain't seen nothin' yet." Well, maybe those aren't the exact words, but they do sum it up in a little nutshell. For public transportation, in all of its forms, is headed for the biggest snarl in history since Hannibal took his elephants through the Alps. It will come within the next 15-20 years—and will occur in and throughout the suburbs of every major city in the U.S. That is, unless something drastic is done to prevent it.

Fortunately for all of us, however, scientists in government and industry are on the ball and are frantically beating their collective brains out in order to find faster and safer ways to move everyone around before that time of crisis arrives. Their findings may mean that travel methods to which you have become accustomed will be abruptly changed. The brain-busters have generated a few ideas that fall nothing short of fantastic.

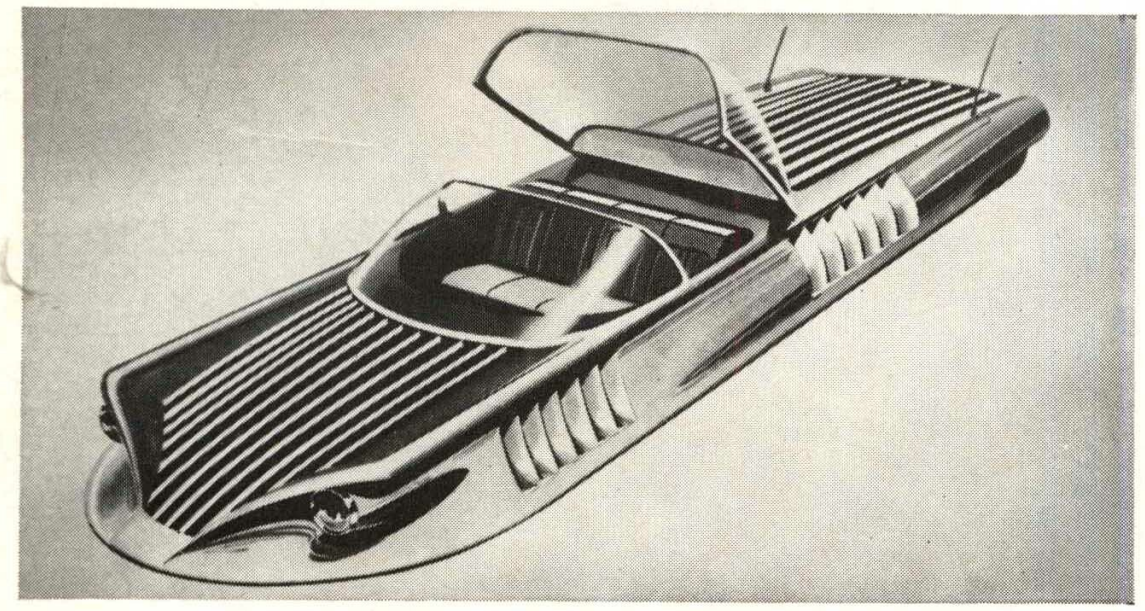
They are talking about underground trains that travel 300 mph on rails, or on a cushion of air. Automobiles that cruise between 100-150 mph over semi-automated and automated highways—and above them as well. Giant aircraft that can whisk you from New York to Paris in, say, less than three hours. Truck trains which will be so large that they must be driven on their own special highways. Piggy-back railroad cars that can ferry autos and their passengers between population centers at up to three times the speeds they presently are capable of traveling.



Depicting one version of proposed Century expressway of future, artist shows how speeds on highways can be doubled by using (A) synthetic shielding to prevent headlight glare from oncoming traffic (B) "magna-line" or other non-magnetic overhead suspension system to move cars along automatically with electric power (C) electric "third rail" system to power and guide automobiles automatically af 100 mph (D) 70-80 mph lanes for those drivers who have met requirements for special high-speed expressway driving permits.

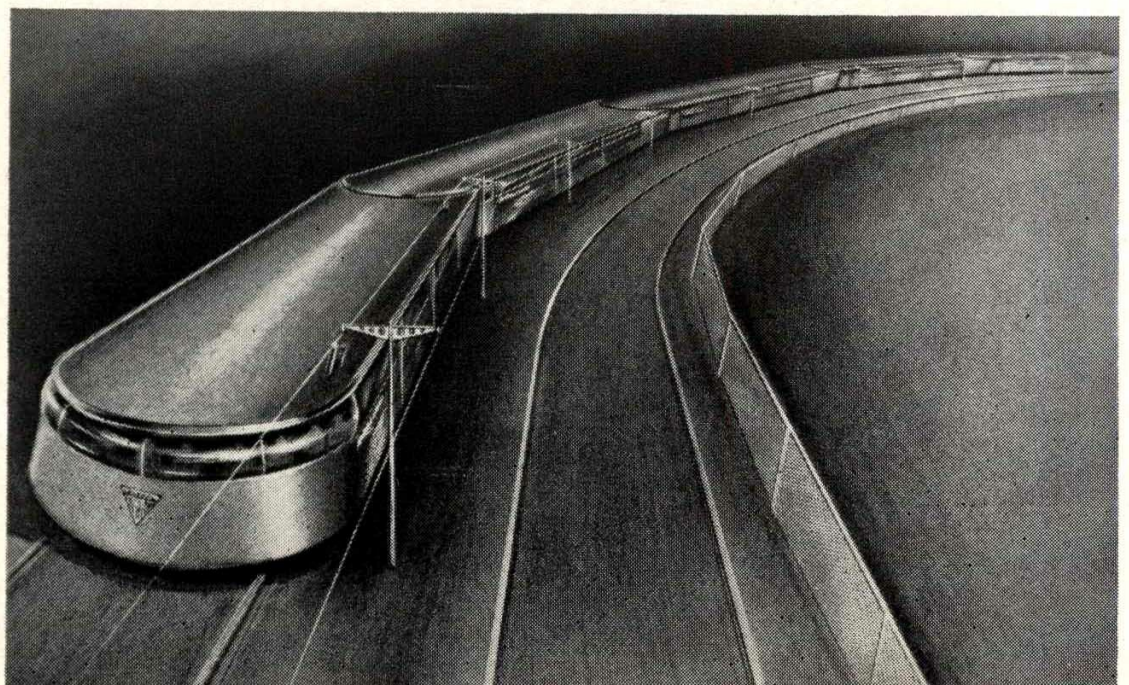
The idea which has caught the fancy of most planners calls for a series of supersubway systems to serve densely populated areas, with trains running on a cushion of air instead of on rails—and at speeds roughly equivalent to those now attained by non-jet aircraft. Propulsion would constitute a problem, but the scientists believe they can solve it by employing (1) motivation caused by changes in tunnel air pressure, much in the manner of a gigantic pneumatic tube or (2) by using a linear electric motor which would eliminate difficulties now frequently encountered when a third rail system is used by trains going at high speeds.

According to Dean W. W. Seifert of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, it is possible by 1975 to have trains in operation which will go 300 mph and, as an example, average at least 200 mph between Washington and Boston. And, since station stops serving present-day commuter systems are considered to be too numerous and time-consuming, Seifert suggests that trains of the future will pick up and drop off cars without ever stopping. Passengers would ride in specifically designated cars which, for embarking passengers, would be automatically accelerated to join the train and, in a reverse operation, would be dropped off at station areas where passengers were scheduled to disembark. Under this arrangement, composition of the train would be constantly changing, despite the fact it never stopped until it reached the end of the line. Control of deep tunnel trains would be automatic because of their speed which would make timing too exacting to run the risk of human error.



RIDING on cushion of air (above), artist's conception of hovercraft of future is not so far-fetched as it appears. Other types of cars, boats, planes similar to this early Curtiss-Wright design are in use.

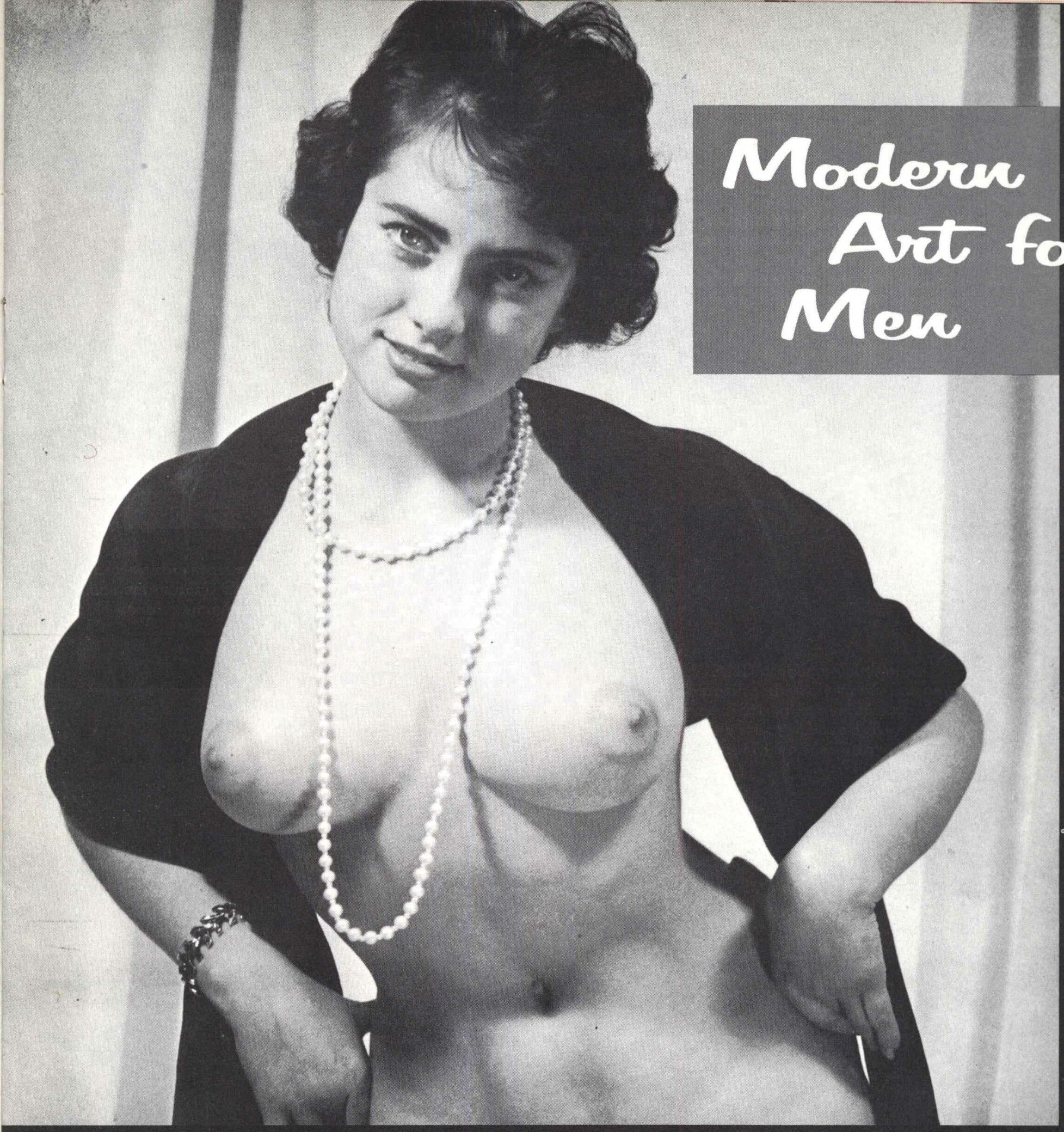
SPEEDING along at from 150 to 200 mph on rails 18 feet apart (below), RRollway concept of intercity travel already is being developed. Fully automated, these electric trains will carry autos and their passengers.



Wider cars will comprise the trains of tomorrow, and they are expected to give travelers a smoother ride than those obtainable on today's rail systems. Of course, passengers will have little scenery to occupy their minds as they whiz to their destinations, but this will be compensated for by facilities for refreshments and, possibly, some form of entertainment.

Economy is a major argument for deep tunnels, far below those which carry subway systems as we know them now. Rights of way for wide roadbeds on the surface would be very costly. Shallow tunnels through major cities would involve re-routing of sewer and water lines, gas mains, electric cables, and other sub-surface equipment—another big expense. On the other hand, (*Continued on Page* 54)

Modern Art for Men



J. C. ROBSON achieves sophisticated nude study of June Palmer by simple but effective addition of shawl, pearls, bracelet.

SINCE THE ACADEMIC YEAR has had its beginnings in September for generations, it seems only fitting and proper that MODERN MAN'S readers should buckle down to their homework, too. Of course, it's plain to see that MM's take-home assignments are more provocative—and revealing—than those found in the usual pursuit of learning. And, because the editors believe that visual aids help to round out an education, they have carefully selected some mighty pretty teachers to present the facts—and figures—necessary to improve your education. So, start checking over the following pages now, fellows—and remember, you can't always judge a book by its cover. Although, in this particular case, it definitely helps.

MODERN
MAN

RBK PHOTOGRAPHY fashions colorful portrait of curvaceous Kelly Kaye in natural outdoor setting with blurred background that frames figure, adds depth to study. Varied shades of blues, brown, green tend to complement warm flesh tones of well-formed nude model.

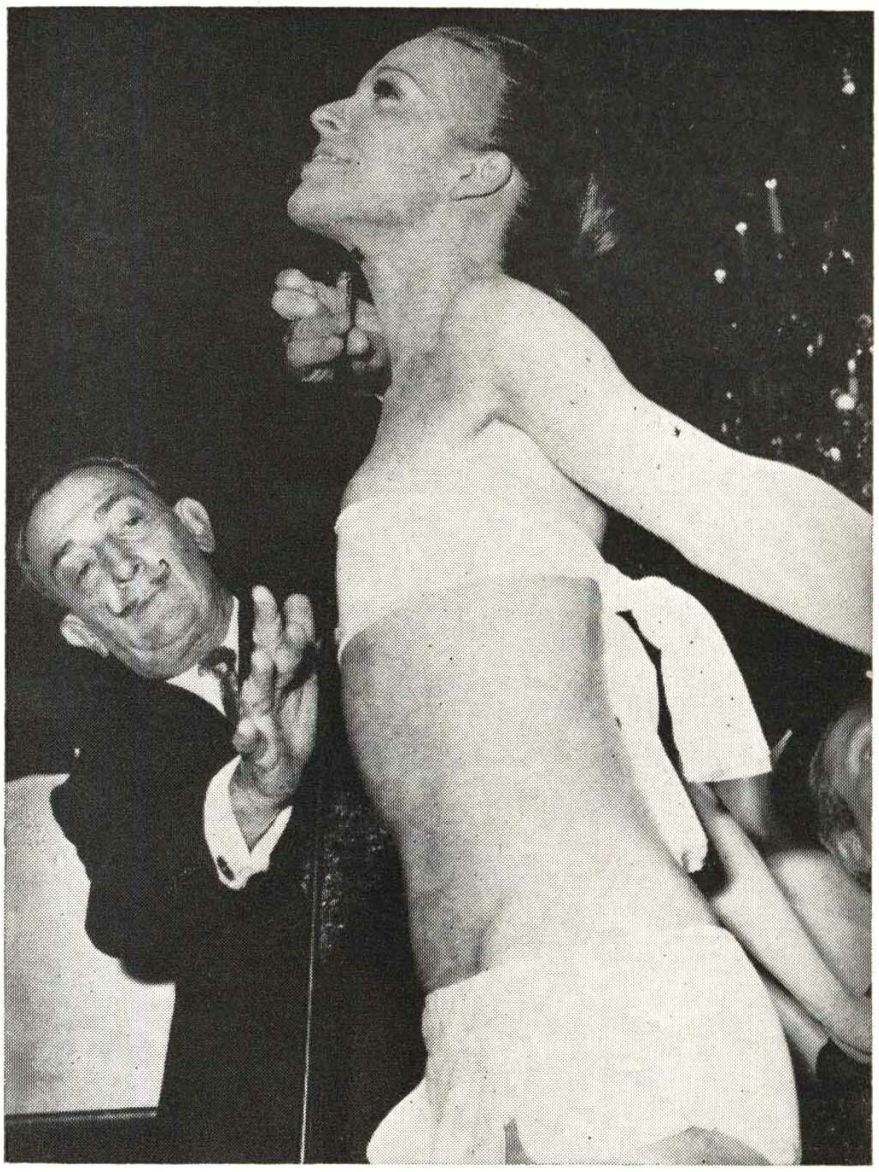
VIRGIL BUZZ compares fullness of female form to jagged outlines of thorny branch. Result is startling contrast, which makes mental as well as visual impact upon viewer.

GEORGE GOWLAND produces unusual nude study by posing shapely model in graceful reclining position, with silhouette effect caused by soft light from curtained window.

RON VOGEL chooses window light, minimum of props for his intriguing figure study. Pose, although carefully planned, gives impression of being natural, spontaneous.

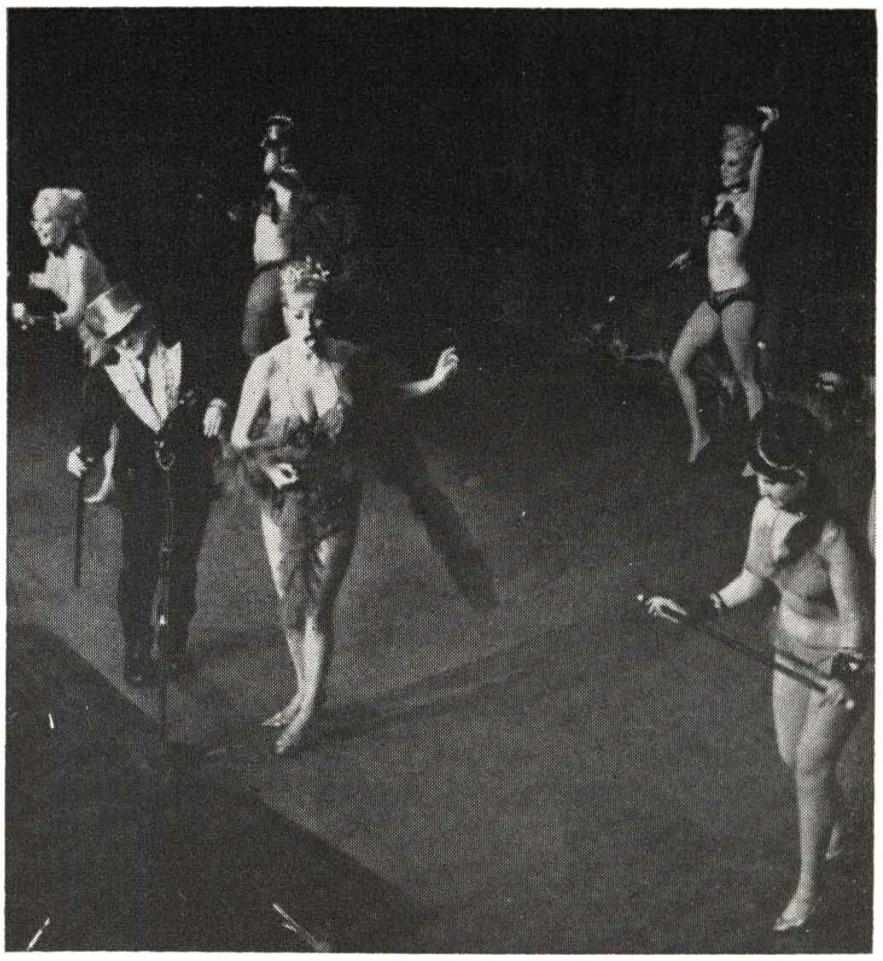
CAMERA CAPERS

From Dali to dalliance, shape of world is best pictured by those noteworthy figures who inhabit it.

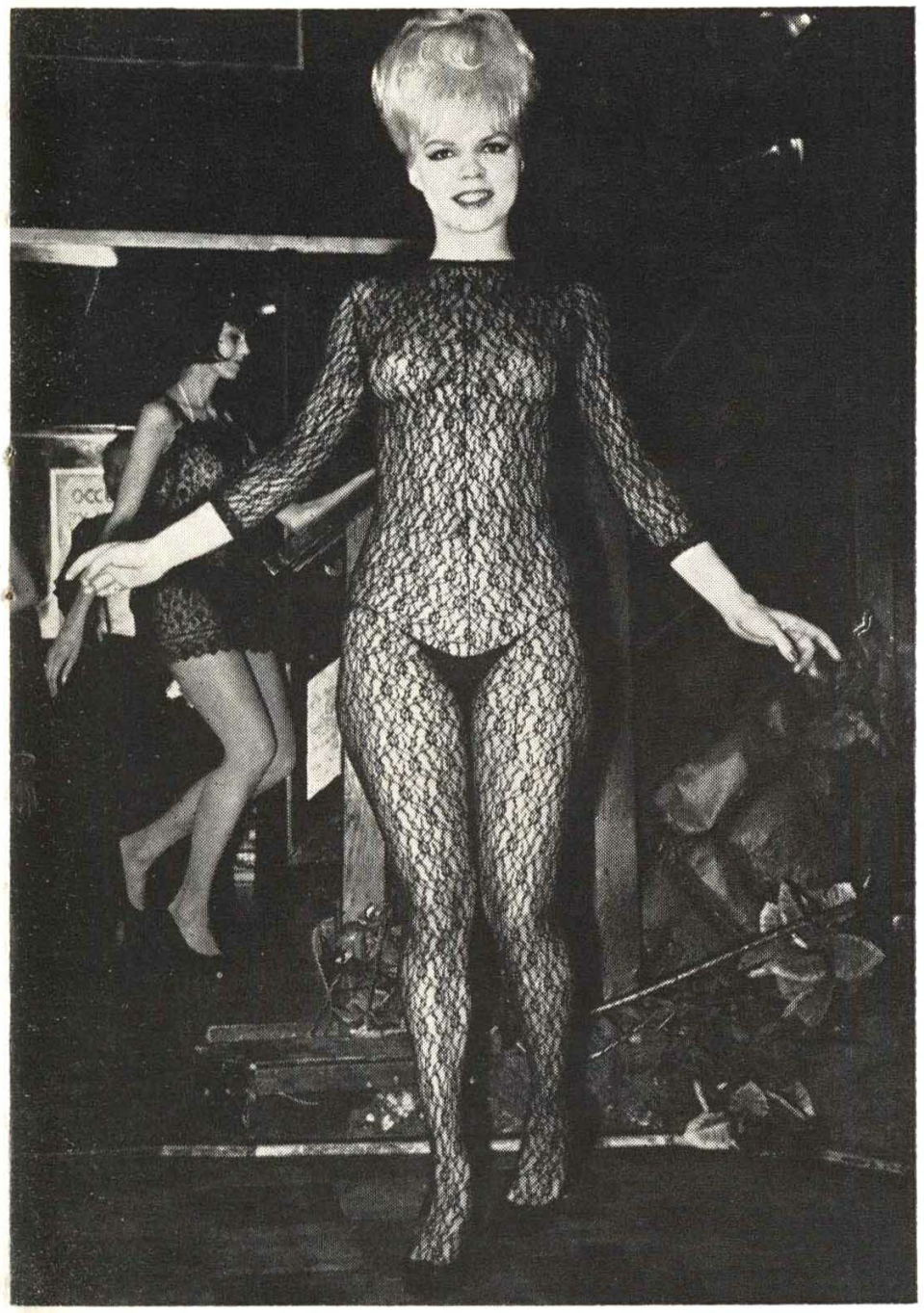


PARIS: Demonstrating his fashion theory that bosoms are "on way out," artist Salvador Dali is designer of no bosom-at-all look which would make it difficult to distinguish gals from guys.

HOLLYWOOD: Modeling barest topless bikini, West German actress Christiane Schmidtmer is beach sport addict who seers say has screen career which will bounce high as ball she is playing with.



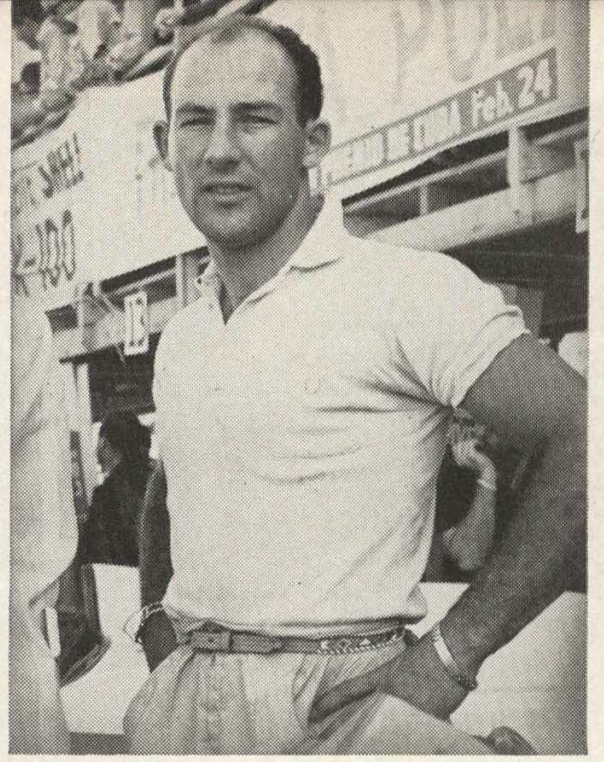
NEW YORK: Back on Broadway—complete with baggy pants comics, peelers in pasties—burlesque again lights up Great White Way. "This was Burlesque" debut put end to 1937 N.Y. ban on strips.



NEW YORK: Stressing fine points of fashion, spider-web lace suit worn by Kitty Lynne (above left) wins acclaim at lingerie show but no-no bra (above right) is doubly popular.

VANCOUVER, B.C.: Better known for road skills than those on water, racing driver Stirling Moss (below) asks harbor police for directions after becoming lost while trying out sporty new land-and-sea-going "amphicar" on initial voyage.

Stirling MOSS Speaks!



WINNING 14 championship races in eight years, Moss (right), retired in May, 1963, after suffering too many near-fatal crashes.

Selecting top four drivers in Grand Prix racing, retired British champion pens penetrating portraits of his former foes.

By Stirling Moss

DON'T YOU BELIEVE it when some know-it-all character sounds off that motor racing and drivers aren't as good as they used to be, say, a quarter of a century ago. Sometimes it is easy to get the impression that the heyday of the sport preceded the Second World War, that the Nuvolaris, the Caracciolas, the Rosemeyers, and the Varzis were the last of a dying breed. But that doesn't necessarily make it true. The Thirties were wonderful years for racing, and even today they cause nostalgia. They constituted an age of heroic cars—tremendously powerful vehicles such as the Mercedes and the Auto Union. But I refuse to accept any contention that the drivers of that time were any better than those of today.

The 1964 and 1965 racing seasons have proved one thing: we are in a golden age of racing now. Never has the level of driving skill been so high, or the sport so competitive—at least never during the many years that I have been close to Grand Prix racing. No less than four men helped to usher in these brightest times for cars and drivers: John Surtees, a champion who could be favorably compared with any from the past; and his principal rivals, Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill, and the American, Dan Gurney. Surprisingly, none is clearly superior to the other and, in being so nearly equal, all have helped raise the standards of the sport. Yet, each is a character in his own right, has his own particular style, and has climbed to the top of the heap by a different route.

Dan Gurney, for example, is one of the few men I know who looks exactly like what he is—a big, rugged American college boy-type, goodnatured, and with a flair for the sport. And he showed himself to be the most talented U.S. driver we had yet seen in Grand Prix competition. On the other hand, Graham Hill, the 1962 champion, showed less natural driving ability than any of his three rivals, achieving his pinnacle by applied intelligence, determination, and an understanding of how to adapt his car to each circuit. He is the supreme example of the mechanic-driver, and the most professional of them all. John Surtees, from the spectator's view, has furnished a lion's share of excitement. Four years ago, when I was driving against him, John was as wild a driver as you could find and, if I happened to see him in my mirror, I was a worried man—for he drove so close to the limit that it seemed things were just bound to happen. I have seen him in tremendous trouble, heading for spins that could well have been fatal for most men. Yet, he had such natural ability that he could almost always catch the car ahead of him. His reflexes were lightning fast. By contrast, Jimmy Clark is the born driver. He showed more natural driving ability than anyone I have ever known. And before the 1965 season was half finished, Clark was in the limelight much of the time all by himself.

I suppose, like with most Grand Prix drivers, the Memorial Day classic at Indianapolis had a certain allure for Jimmy, that he felt it would give him satisfaction to prove the supremacy of his technique in both types of racing, even though some of the best Grand Prix drivers, including Caracciola, and Villoresi, and Jim Clark himself had tried before—and lost. But when May 30, 1965, drew near, Jimmy let on that he was bored.

Not only that. But two weeks before the race—while all the other drivers were getting themselves and their cars into shape—Scotland's James Clark, O.B.F., boarded a plane and casually flew home to his 1200-acre farm so that he could check on his livestock. And, on Memorial Day weekend, he further shook the rest of the Indy racing fraternity by exclaiming: "Frankly speaking, I would rather be in Monte Carlo." It was in Monte Carlo that his European colleagues were competing—at the same time—for the Grand Prix of Monaco and where, in Jim's absence, Britain's Graham Hill became a three-times-in-a-row winner, temporarily edging ahead of Clark in Grand Prix point totals.

The rest is history. Jimmy sauntered out to the Brickyard, climbed into a four-year-old training car (his new model was wrecked in a workout when the suspension

MEETING Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill at Variety Club luncheon (above left), Moss compares experiences with two of Grand Prix racing's best drivers. John Surtees (above right) is another of Moss's "top four."

snapped at 80 mph) carrying the number 82, painted green, and powered by a 495-hp Ford engine, tied his white silk scarf around his face, and went racing. In fact, he put on a show the likes of which had never before been witnessed at Indianapolis. He led in all but 10 of the 200 laps, knocked over records just about every time he circled the course, managed to lap the entire field twice, and wound up with an average of 150.68 mph—as compared to the previous record of 147.35 mph. It turned out to be a big day for Jimmy and his 1250-pound Lotus, for when the experts summed it up they figured the race was over almost as soon as it had started. Jimmy merely tramped down on his accelerator, darted in front of favored A. J. Foyt on the first turn, and stayed in the lead for the rest of the race except for a couple of brief and insignificant interludes.

Rewarding as the Indy victory might have been, however, Jimmy never lost sight of the fact that the Formula

PRACTICING at Indianapolis, Graham Hill tries out rear-engined roadster built by Mickey Thompson.

PRESENTING trophy to Jimmy Clark, Moss congratulates smiling Scotsman on win at Oulton Park in 1962.

WORKING on lathe in his workshop, John Surtees is qualified mechanic as well as Moss-favored driver.

One championship is, after all, *the* thing to win. So, with a pocketful of bank notes (total Indy purse: $628,400) and a large helping of prestige, Jimmy returned to the Continent and the Grand Prix circuit. As the summer progressed it became very evident that this Scottish lad suddenly, at 29, had become the man to beat in any kind of a race, almost anywhere in the world. He earned a reputation as the world's quickest man on wheels. All this, despite the fact that he drove in his first race only nine years previously, and in Grand Prix competition only five years ago.

It was in 1963 that Jimmy became the youngest Grand Prix champion in the history of the sport, and toppled another record by bagging seven of the 10 events which counted toward the title. By midsummer, 1965, he had racked up an even more impressive record by winning three races out of three entered. And he was sitting on top of the world in the matter of five years with 16 Grand Prix championship races under his belt, two better than the 14 I had collected in eight years, and tied with world champion Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina who had 16 to his credit when he quit racing at the age of 47.

I'm not alone in pointing out the vast amount of sheer native ability that Jimmy has for driving. Former racer and Lotus designer Colin Chapman puts it even more emphatically: "Jim is the greatest racing driver the world has ever seen." Which covers thousands of drivers in thousands of races.

Because of racing's four horsemen—Clark, Surtees, Hill, and Gurney—and hundreds of other drivers engaged in competitive events featuring cars of all types, the sport, in its entirety, is probably more popular than at any other time in its history. In America alone, for instance, it is surpassed in public interest only by basketball and horse racing. The National Hot Rod Association claimed that 284,043 Americans competed in 1,904 drag racing events last year while being watched by another 3,312,542.

It's no secret that the largest one-day sports attraction in the U.S. is the Indy 500. Between 250,000 and 300,000 attended the classic last May 31. But that's almost par for the course in some other countries, even those smaller in size and population. At the 1000-kilometer Nurburgring, Germany's top sports car race, crowds of 300,000 are attracted regularly, and smaller weekly events at the same site draw from 30,000 to 50,000.

Despite the widespread interest both types of auto racing foster, there is a world of difference between Grand Prix drivers and those whose ambition is to become a winner at the Brickyard. One thing that a lot of the spectators don't understand is that it would be just as difficult for, say, John Surtees, to win at Indy as it would be for A. J. Foyt, one of the great Indy drivers, to win a Grand Prix in his initial attempt. They are not only different types of racing. They are virtually a different way of life.

Nothing illustrates this better than the respective attitudes of the drivers toward, bless them—women. No woman is ever allowed in the pit area during a race at Indianapolis. Makes no matter whether she was a queen, the President's wife, or Miss World herself, she wouldn't be allowed in. Yet, on the other hand, go to any Grand Prix and you will find girls decorating the pit counters—and quite decoratively, too. They're almost as much a part of racing as the racers themselves. In Europe, it's quite the accepted thing that when you go motor racing that you take your wife, your girlfriend, or what have you.

In fact, even today, most Grand Prix drivers do bring a girl along, and she watches from the pit. And some of the girls can be very useful. In fact, I believe a girl can be useful even if she does nothing. With her the driver can unwind. You come in from dashing around the circuit where you've put a lot of hard work and worry into it. You've been under terrific strain and fatigue gnaws at you. Then you pull in and see your girl and forget it all—at least for a few moments. You have a little chat—while they're changing tires or some such thing—and then you say, "Well, goodbye, sweetie," and you're off. Distracted? No, not for a moment, for as soon as you leave the pits, you forget all about her. You're thinking about the next corner. Nothing else. At least, that was the way it was with me.

I suppose it's a paradox, sitting here writing down a series of thoughts about recent racing events and recalling anecdotes about some of the drivers I knew. You know, in private life my very best friend is a chap called David Haynes. He isn't a racing driver. Very few drivers get to be close friends, if any. I could compete with David and not ever end up becoming resentful, no matter if he did win, again and again. Like in wrestling, as an example. It can be this way because it isn't my whole life—just to try and beat him. Like racing drivers must do over and over, under all sorts of conditions.

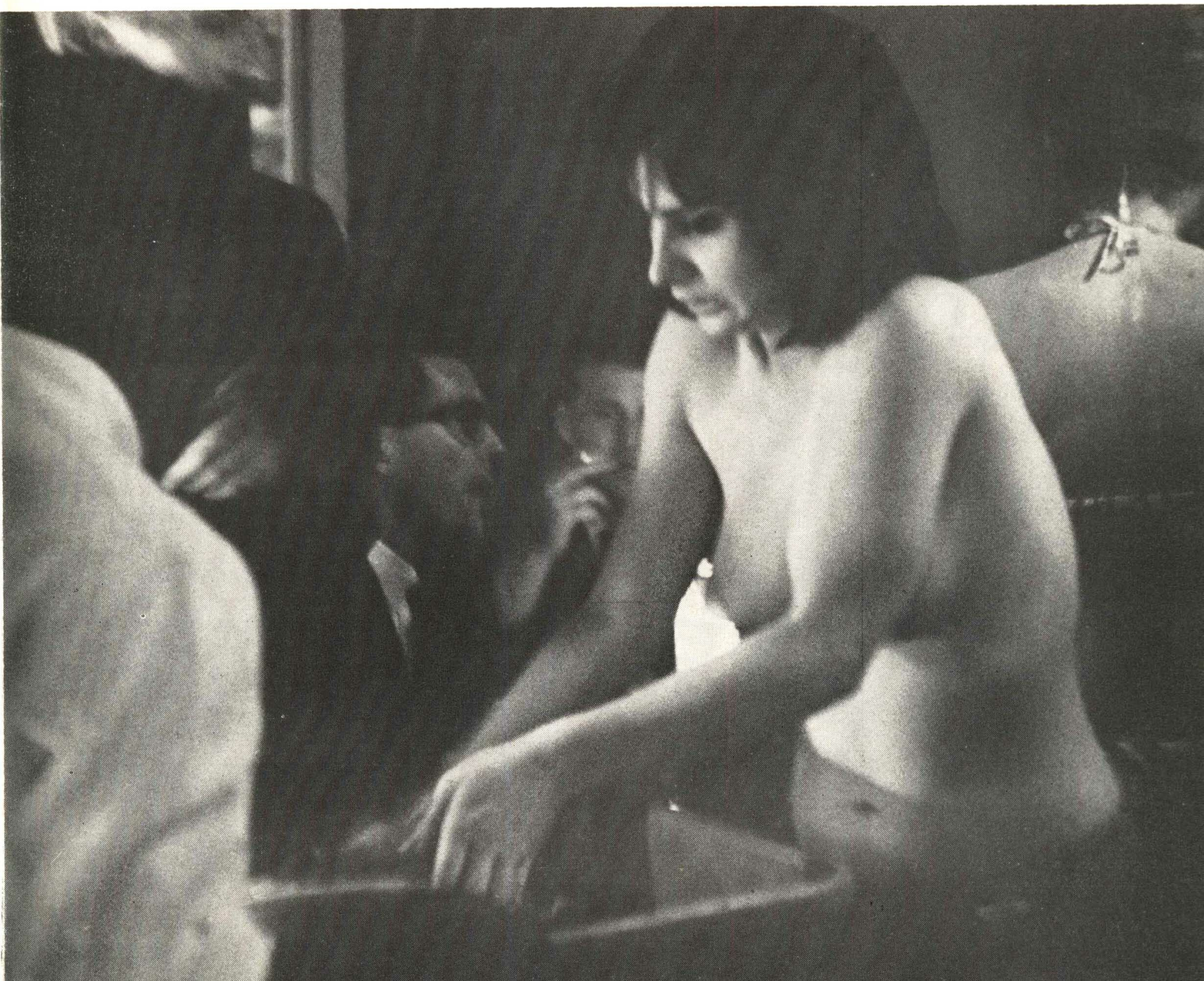
Needless to say, it is difficult for you to fight continually with a man on the track, and still consider him your pal "after hours," so to speak. That is, if you are a true competitor—and most drivers are.

Yet, Graham Hill and Jimmy (*Continued on Page* 58)

The Belles ARE RINGING

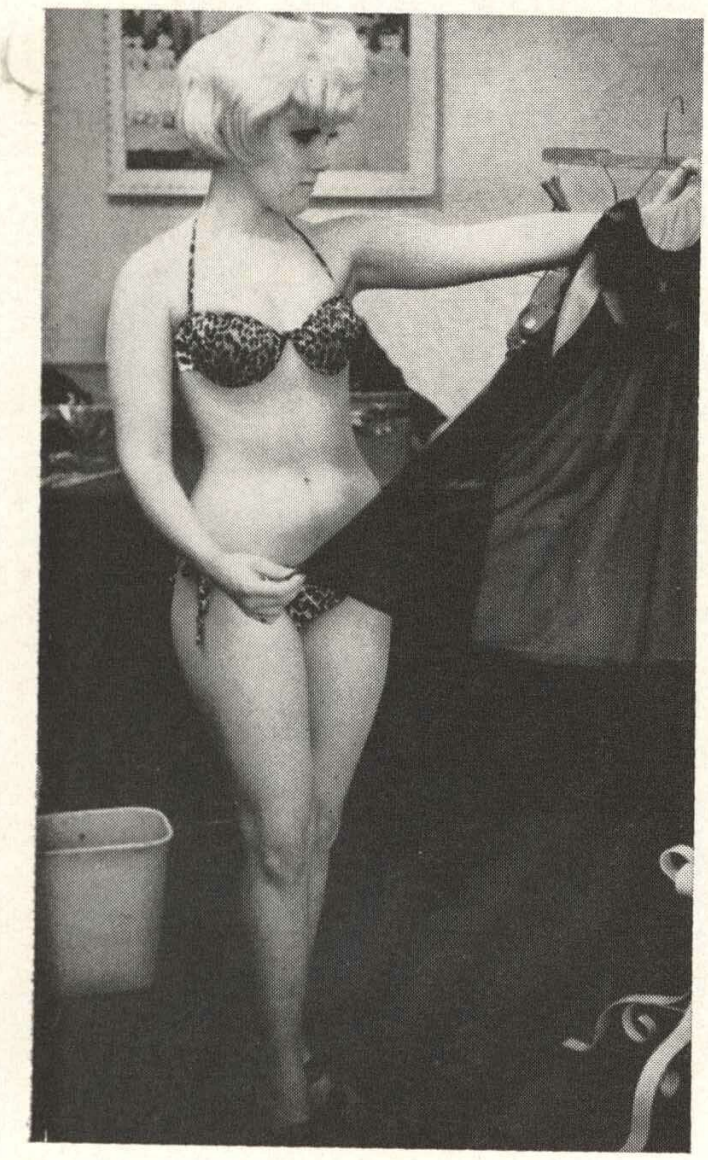
Photos and Text by Frank Thistle

PASSING through deceptive entrance (above), guests learn Phone Booth has cozy interior (below).



MODELING standard bikinis as well as topless swim suits, waitresses provide enough variety to keep customers from getting too much of good thing. Occasionally, girls also slip into negligee (below).

Extending "no cover—no minimum" policy to include waitress wear, Hollywood's Phone Booth is buzzing with real live wires.



ON SUNSET Strip in Hollywood, there stands a phone booth. But because it is merely a phone booth, let us not take it for granted. More than just a place to make a telephone call, some phone booths are shelters from a sudden storm, rendezvous for lovers, or cubicles for the temporary storage of 23 college students. Sometimes, a phone booth is even a "drop" for smugglers, or a sidewalk boudoir where a girl can adjust her garter. But the phone booth on Sunset is something else—it is an entrance to the jumpingest nightclub in Los Angeles.

The nightclub is called—fittingly enough—The Phone Booth, and though its Sunset Strip entrance is not genuine, it does collect many people who actually are looking for a telephone. Instead, they find themselves surrounded by soft lights and hard booze, and a bevy of bare-fronted cocktail waitresses. The effect is somewhat like falling into Alice's rabbit hutch. Only, the wonder of this wonderland is that all these bunnies can hop around in the raw and get away with it.

Until recently, bare-breasted exposure in nightclubs has been restricted to performers on stage—and then only in certain locales where the eye of the law maintains a close vigil. But with the spread of the topless trend on the West Coast, The Phone Booth bravely discarded all bras, and even pasties. And ever since, business has been bust-ling.

Owner Walt Robson, 38, is the brains behind the bust boom. Before his gals started "wearing" topless bikinis, The Phone Booth was operating in the red. Now, all the red is on the faces of L. A. bluenoses.

Robson's gals also work as belle telephone operators by taking turns at a switchboard. Each table is equipped with a phone and, by dialing the switchboard, a guy can get connected with any chick in the room.

Hopefully, the law will not advise Robson to hang up for at least another year. But he figures a crackdown on topless girls is inevitable. In the meantime, his telephones, his customers, and his cash registers are all chiming "ring-a-ding-ding!"

SERVING cheesecake during businessmen's lunch, shapely numbers keep Phone Booth busy. Club is located adjacent to Largo on Hollywood's famous Sunset Strip.

Lilli Shan

DOLL OF THE MONTH

HOLLYWOOD HAS displayed sheer technical genius in the science of moviemaking, but in its attitudes toward sex appeal, the film industry still clings backwardly to the age-old maxim that brains don't belong in blondes–or, for that matter, in sexpots of any other shade. Hence, you find Jayne Mansfield, who professes to an I. Q. of 156, acting in public like a nitwit. Jill St. John, who measures 162 on the intelligence quotient chart, is far better known for her 36-21-35 figure. And so it goes, until we run into a girl named Lilli Shan.

OFFERING challenge to color camera, Lilli Shan's glowing epidermis is rendered skillfully by RBK Photography (opposite). Even in monochrome (right, below), no one would guess she rates brains as her greatest asset.

DOLL OF THE MONTH

Lilli, a Canadian-born blonde who wanted to become a writer until the magnetic pull of Hollywood interrupted her studies at U.C.L.A., is a not-so-terribly-rare combination of beauty and brains. She spent most of her youth reading Plato, Cervantes, Jean Paul Sartre, and other "deep" novelists and philosophers, when most girls her age were seeking entertainment at drive-in movies–and then not even paying any attention to the movies.

When the Hollywood boys got a look at her, Lilli was swept into a whirlpool of minor successes in television and modeling. Stints in TV commercials, and appearances on the Steve Allen and Bob Hope shows, came in rapid succession–until Lilli started spouting her thoughts on the early writings of French author Antoine de Saint-Exupery. And then, like an autumn cold front, an icy chill swept away all of Lilli's summer sunshine, just at a time when it appeared a movie contract was in order.

Fortunately, Lilli is made of firm stuff emotionally as well as physically, and she refuses to be disturbed by a "temporary" halt in her career. By the time a few photographs like these get around to the movie moguls, she figures, who's going to notice what she has tucked away between her ears?

HELL on WHEELS

Tackling world's worst race course, roughriding cyclists storm wide-open over terrain where even lizards step gently.

Photos and text by Bob Grant

WHEN A RECENT motorcycle race ran 500 cross-country miles over the blistering Mojave Desert near Pearblossom, Calif., it left some 400 cyclists stranded in the wilderness with shattered bikes and battered bones. Before the last of the 67 finishers sputtered wearily into Pearblossom at the end of the two-day ordeal, the race had proven to be the most hellish contest since the battle of Pork Chop Hill. Yet, its sponsor — the Pasadena Motorcycle Club — had the facetiousness to call it "The *Greenhorn* Enduro."

As it was, the only greenery visible was on the faces of some roughriders who gagged on overdoses of dust and gasoline fumes. No

BLASTING out of Red Mountain after overnight rest, riders head back to Pearblossom on second day of 500-mile jaunt.

STIRRING up pall of dust (above left, right, below), bouncing motorcyclists barely manage to stay upright in desert duel.

PUSHING balky bike up steep incline (below left), riders pause only for food (below right) or in cases of exhaustion (bottom left).

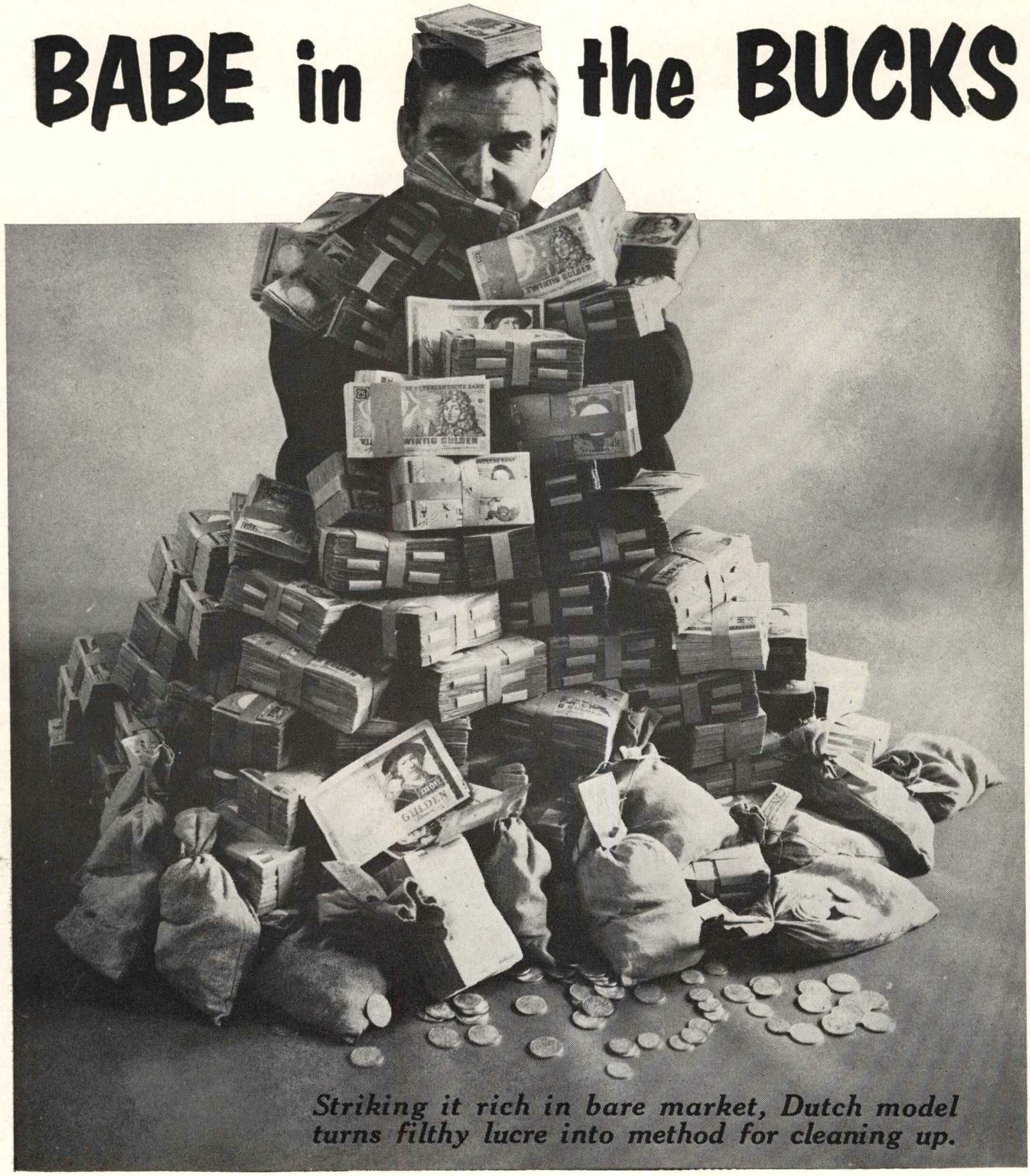
real greenhorn would dream of entering an event where the course was geared as a test for hardened veterans.

Just to mark the route with 2700 pounds of lime and 500 signs, the officials crisscrossed the wasteland in tortured trucks, cars and bikes, and logged a collective total of 19,134 miles — which is roughly equal to four-fifths of the way around the world.

After so much preparation, the race was threatened when the California Highway Patrol decided to stop the shenanigans. Since many of the bikes were straight competition machines, and therefore were not licensed, the police began issuing tickets as the cycles crossed highways. To the racers, such harassment was just one more obstacle—and they beat it by gathering crews at each crossing to carry the bikes across.

The only real bike-stopper was the desert. Except for the few finishers, including winner Jim Brunson, most riders were halted by such ordinary things as sharp rocks, deep sand pits, the heat, the grime, and the pure hell of it.

BABE in the BUCKS



Striking it rich in bare market, Dutch model turns filthy lucre into method for cleaning up.

By Arch Ayres

A MILLION BUCKS is a lot of loot, whether it is in American greenbacks or Dutch guilders. And on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean, it presents the same intriguing dilemma to anyone who suddenly is blessed with a superabundance of the stuff: what to do with it all?

Such a rare problem surely is not insurmountable — nor hardly unwelcome. But to a stunning Amsterdam model named Sacha, who is a real Dutch treat, the solution was startling. She took a million dollar bath. Talk about rolling in loot?

Unfortunately, though, it was not a rich Dutch uncle who

CLAIMING that money can do things Duz doesn't (left), Sacha enjoys luxury of million guilder bath after creating bank note bikini (below) with assistance of numismatically-minded photog.

passed the bucks to Sacha, but an Amsterdam advertising agency, which in turn borrowed the cash from a bank. To illustrate the ecstasy of wealth for an ad, the agency hired Sacha as a sort of green-backed Goldfinger girl. And for the photos, she wore a paper money bikini which proved dollars *don't* stretch as far as they used to.

Perhaps there is no better way to express the joy of being filthy rich than to clean up in a tubful of crispy bank notes. But to Sacha, it was all just a day's work. The fact that she could not keep even two bits of that money did not bother her one bit. After all, she *is* loaded in other ways.

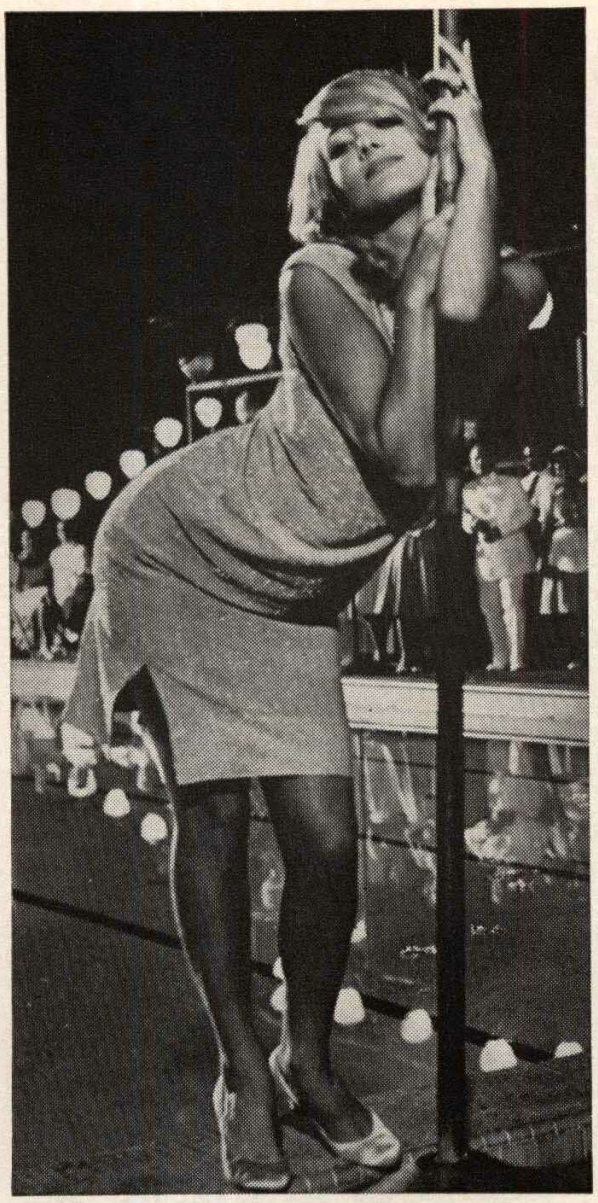
PREPARING to take bath in bank notes, Sacha proves to be quite a "bundle" herself.

MAKING every man's dream come true, Sacha rounds out picture of babe, booze, and plenty of bucks.

One-Minute Interview with

BARBARA BOUCHET

Editor's Note: Cast in the role of Kirk Douglas' wife in the film, In Harm's Way, *Barbara Bouchet is one of Hollywood's newest sirens. Recently, she was on a whirlwind tour which took her through Chicago where MM's roving reporter slowed her down long enough to get the following interview. Miss Bouchet, as you will see, is as adept with a well-turned phrase as she is at presenting a well-turned ankle.*



THE LATEST not-so-bashful belle to join Hollywood's bare brigade is a busty and beautiful bundle of Old World charm named Barbara Bouchet. Of German and French descent, this sexy import is the nicest thing to hit these shores since Yankee culture lovers discovered the abundant artistic merits to be found in Brigitte Bardot's fleshy flicks.

Miss Bouchet can currently be seen on neighborhood screens in the summer circuit's biggest celluloid hit, Otto Preminger's "In Harm's Way." Recently, because of her nifty stint in this film, Barbara received a full, three-page treatment in *Playboy* Magazine. Was she happy with the layout, which showed her locked in a bare-chested embrace with hairy-chested Hugh O'Brian?

"No," she told MM's reporter, "I didn't know it was going to come out like that. If I had, I wouldn't have done it. I was sure surprised."

Does she regret the exposure? "Yes," she replied. "If I ever have to do anythink like that again, I'll make sure that I have control over what pictures are published."

According to the story which appeared in *Playboy,* "The 20-year-old starlet balked at playing the scene ('I can't even swim.') until Otto Preminger unleashed one of his famous directorial diatribes. " 'I wouldn't have had the courage to do it,' says Barbara," according to *Playboy,* "if Otto hadn't gotten mad' ".

"That's not true," says the shapely siren. "Otto just asked me to do it, and I said I would. And the part about me not being able to swim," continued the frisky fraulein, "is false too. Otto sent me to a swimming school for two weeks so I wouldn't be afraid to go into the ocean."

A svelte, but sizzling, 36 - 22 - 34, there's little doubt that the blue-eyed, golden tressed tigress from the Rhineland wouldn't drown anyway.

"How was Otto to work with?" Barbara was asked.

"He knows what he wants," she replied, "and I had no trouble with him at all. Of course, it's true he does have a temper, but if things are done his way, there's no problem. He has great charm, too, you know," she added, with a twinkle in her eyes. "And great taste. That's why, when he asked me to take off my clothes, I didn't argue."

She paused for a moment, then took a large bite of chocolate-covered, cream-filled Bavarian cake. "Anyway," she said, munching heartily, "too much is made of nudity. Everyone gets excited about it, and nakedness isn't always the most exciting thing anyway. ...."For instance," she went on, "just before I take my clothes off in the movie, there's a scene where I'm dancing alone and the crowd is watching me. I'm dancing slowly and then I find this pole, this big pole. I grab it, and being to move slowly, and I hope sensuously, around it, and my hips are moving . . . well, you know. At the end of the scene, Otto came up to me and said, 'Barbara, vot vere you thinkink ven you vere with the pole?' I didn't tell him."

"Well," said the MM reporter, "how about telling us?"

"Ah, that's my secret," Barbara chuckled, cutting another big hunk of cake.

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What is classic beauty? Most of those who have attempted to define beauty agree that it involves a response of pleasure. We call something beautiful when it delights us or pleases us in some special way. But what causes this response on our part? Is it something in the object itself? Is it merely a subjective reaction on our part? Or is it some combination of these two?

We know as a matter of common experience that all persons do not find the same objects beautiful. What pleases some fails to please others. This is sometimes taken to mean that beauty exists only in the eye of the beholder.

A continual negative response toward the undraped female form would indicate that lewdness is an attitude, not a condition. It is a state of mind, not a state of body. It is a subjective feeling, not an objective situation.

Beauty has both a subjective and an objective aspect. The esthetic pleasure certain objects give us is related to the intrinsic excellence in the objects themselves.

The subjective aspect of beauty is that which pleases us upon being seen. In this statement, the word "seen" does not refer to seeing with the eyes. It refers to vision with the mind — a kind of intuitive apprehension of the individual object which is being contemplated or experienced esthetically. The satisfaction or pleasure that the beautiful object gives us lies in its knowability — in the fact that it is so constituted that we are able to apprehend it in its unique individuality.

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the lid and tops are off in frisco

(*Continued from Page 6*)

the bluenoses. Pressure was applied to Mayor Shelley who turned around and applied pressure to the topless girls—or is that the wrong way to phrase it? At any rate, Mayor Shelley and the 'Frisco police force prepared battle plans designed to push the line of demarcation away from the girl's hips and over the barren hilly no-man's-land above. On the other hand, the dancers, club owners, and thousands of loud-voiced nitery patrons were determined to hold the line where it was. Such was the state of brinkmanship until the day the San Francisco *Chronicle* screamed in banner headlines: POLICE ARMY vs FUN. The raids began.

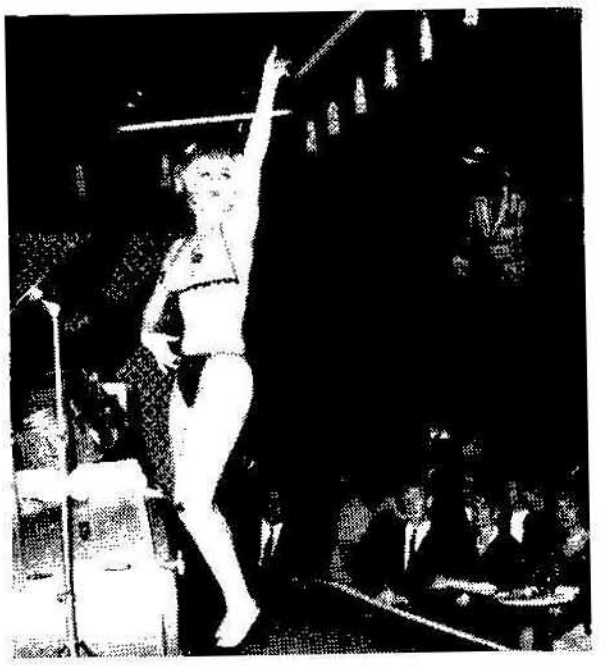
Eighteen policemen and policewomen fanned through North Beach pinching—er, arresting swim girls and nitery owners. At the Condor, Carol Doda (now boasting 44 silicone-packed inches) was in the middle of a high-rpm wiggle when plainclothes detective Robert Kafka suddenly joined her aboard her suspended piano to announce her arrest. Immediately, The Condor's portly press agent, Dave Rosenberg, rushed forward. "Get the hell off the piano," he shouted. "It'll collapse." The audience began hissing and jeering, the bouncers gathered threateningly, the piano squeaked, Carol trembled on the verge of tears, and Kafka—clutching Carol's arm—looked rather embarrassed. As the crucial confrontation hovered between truce and terrorism, Carol made the move that possibly avoided a full-scale, wild west free-for-all. She stepped off the piano and rushed to her dressing room to change into something more appropriate to wear in front of the judge.

Outside the club, police hurried to get Carol and Condor owners Gino del Prete and Pete Mattioli into the squad car, while a mob of patrons pushed and pulled and chanted, "We want Carol!" Apparently a bit rattled, Officer Kafka became over anxious to make his getaway and rammed the police car into a parked Volkswagon, whereupon the VW owner charged into the street and yelled: "I have 300 witnesses and I'm gonna sue!"

Similar Mack Sennett scenes occurred at most other establishments raided that fateful night. But even funnier were the attempts of the arresting officers to translate their observations into the pompous, cliché-ridden language of their official reports.

"While doing her dance," wrote Kafka of Carol's performance, "it was noted that she was wearing dancers' tights and a transparent net covering which clearly exposed her bosom. Suspect's dance consisted of gyrating and making suggestive motions with her body . . ."

Police Officer James White, describing his arrest of Carole Davis at Chi Chi Club, reported: "During this dance, the suspect removed clothing to the point where her



breasts were exposed. While doing the dance, the suspect made suggestive and lewd moves."

Charges against the dancers and club owners included indecent exposure, keeping a disorderly house, outraging the public decency, and disorderly conduct. The real issue, however, was the dispute between the North Beach niteries and the district's businessmen and clergymen. The latter complained that the topless acts threatened the area with "moral decay and crime," although Captain Barca had reported to the Board of Supervisors that North Beach is "a low crime incidence area considering the number of people who go there," and added: "I don't know where all the muggers and molesters of women are, they aren't in North Beach."

Nevertheless, the beleaguered mayor was the man-in-the-squeeze, and the raids were his only hope of getting off the hook. "I want it clearly understood," he said, "that this administration is not against fun in San Francisco." But, he explained, "the only way to settle this matter once and for all is to have a complete legal examination and test to determine what is, in the opinion of the constituted authorities, obscene and illegal." Asked if the obscenity charges were valid, Mayor Shelley replied: "I don't know."

That was a question, however, on which everyone else had something to say. Chief Cahill said: "I don't know (what Mayor Shelley means) about it being a test case, but the raids are legal." Chris Boreta, proprietor of The Cellar, said: "I look at it as extortion, and I'm not going to knuckle under." San Francisco attorney Melvin Belli, who has been handling all sorts of weird cases since his unsuccessful defense of Jack Ruby, alleged slayer of Lee Oswald, said about the Off Broadway club: "I don't know who the dictator of so-called decency is in this town and I don't know if the arrests are fair arrests. But we're going to push for an early decision in court so these people can get back to business." And Harry S. Wainwright, one of the two attorneys who filed suit against the mayor and police chief on behalf of The Condor, Mr. Wonderful, and Big Al's, said simply: "The mayor is an idiot."

The suit filed by Wainwright charged that the raids were designed to do permanent damage to the business of the three clubs

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and went on to describe the topless entertainment as "the rendition of music and the demonstration of various dance steps . . . legal and proper in all respects and in no wise lewd, lascivious, suggestive, or vulgar."

Actually, almost all of the clubs continued with business as usual and seemingly suffered only minor drops in attendance. Carol Doda, out on bail, was back on stage the next night with her 44s "holstered", in the words of the management, in a two-piece bikini. Jane Dunn did her act at Big Al's in a red, skin-tight, turtle-necked sweater. At the Off Broadway, Ann Williams modeled a "very conservative" swimsuit, slit to the navel in front and drooping halfway to her knees in back. Yvonne d'Angers, a buxom blonde whose nude modeling endeavors allegedly have made her a three-time loser, displayed the "shelf look"—a swimsuit which put her full-blown features on the brink of another law violation. And so it went all over North Beach—on what was described as a "copless" rather than topless night—with once-nude dancers becoming very models of almost-dressed propriety.

The topless fans, meanwhile, turned out in legions to express their loyalty to the cause, applauding the semi-veiled girls on the basis of memory alone, and forming picket lines along Broadway. A League for Sexual Freedom sprang out of nowhere and marched with signs demanding civil liberties and freedom of choice, thereby somehow relating the bare bosom to the American flag.

Fortunately, before the situation could get entirely out of hand, the cases went before court in what Herb Caen described as "The Celebrated Topless Trials of '65." However, the proceedings were almost disappointingly short.

Attorney Belli, who clear-sightedly conducted some of his research during lunch within the decorously staffed confines of the Off Broadway, quickly and cleverly asked for a dismissal. The grounds for such a dismissal were simply that the topless waitresses at the Off Broadway had been made to incriminate themselves, since they were not advised of their right to refuse having their pictures taken by police, as evidence. Municipal Judge Leo Friedman agreed and further ruled that bare bosoms, as such, are not obscene. He requested the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

Attorney Wainwright, defending The Condor in front of Judge Leland Lazarus, cited a Supreme Court decision involving a Danish movie and then produced some kind of an expert witness who testified that Carol Doda's performances were not of "prurient interest." Judge Lazarus also agreed, although a bit apologetically, and advised his jury to also return a not guilty verdict. The acquittal of both clubs meant the acquittal of all parties arrested in the raid, and within 45 minutes, North Beach's watering holes were again stuffed with swim dancers in topless bathing suits.

The outcome of the trials was neatly summarized by reporter Bob Robertson in his lead story for the *Chronicle*. "The over-blown crusade against bare bosoms in North Beach," he said, "was punctured by the sword of justice . . ."

For the time being, at least, the lids and tops were off again in swinging San Francisco.

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future travel

(*Continued from Page 28*)

the cost of boring through bedrock may not prove to cost much more than the building of a modern superhighway.

There even is some thought being given to building trains that will ferry automobiles as well as people. One plan for an auto-train has been disclosed by Deodat Clejan of General American Transportation Corp. Clejan isn't talking through his hat, for he is the inventor of the special type of piggyback railroad car now widely used in transportation. Clejan's plan calls for trains driven by powerful electric engines which would draw power from a third rail, loading autos through roll-back doors and carrying them—along with their drivers and passengers - from city to city. Called RRollway trains, they would load and unload at special terminals on the beltways, away from the congestion of the cities themselves.

Clejan estimates the cost of such train transportation would be less than the cost of driving on toll roads and, in addition to getting travelers from point to point without the care and fatigue of long distance driving, would emphasize speed. The wider and more powerful RRollway trains could go 200 mph. And speeds greater than those known to railroaders up to now will be essential in the future, planners agree. For the railroad

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trains of tomorrow will have to compete with airlines and private travel on the highways where speeds will also be greater than those possible at this time. A pipe dream? Hardly. For the government already hopes to have trains running regularly at 100 mph between Washington and New York, and New York and Boston, by the summer of 1966, with self-propelled cars in operation on an improved roadbed system.

Railroads are by no means the only form of transportation to be undergoing radical changes. "Automatic highways" also are just around the corner. Already, General Motors has confirmed that cars will be cruising at 100 mph—within the next 10 years—on expressways which will feature at least minimal automatic control. And researchers at Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, headed by director Robert A. Wolf, predict that electronic controls embedded in roadways will initially be used by police control cars to escort platoons of autoists through fog, heavy rain, and snow on expressways. In normal conditions, however, Wolf contends that cars will travel 100 mph under manual operation and that drivers and vehicles will be undergoing periodic tests to qualify them for special high-speed licenses.

In the megalopolitan society of the not-too-distant-future, suburbanities and city dwellers probably will be using an entirely different type of automobile—one that is compact, powered by virtually noiseless electric motors, and able to operate independently or in conjunction with automated expressways. The expressways will be designed to allow speeds of 50-60 mph through even the most congested city areas and, with computers in control, cars will be spaced at half-second intervals. According to Wolf, it is entirely feasible that the typical suburbanite of the '70s or '80s will rent a small "urbmobile" when he leaves the office at the end of his working day. He will travel on an automated expressway from the downtown area, drive—as he does today—to his home, park overnight, and upon returning to his office the next morning, turn the car in at the rental agency. Shoppers and others who expected to be in the city only during the day would be picking their urbmobiles up as the commuters arrived, thus keeping the cars in operation during times they would be idle.

For those motorists planning lengthy trips, century cruisers would be rentable at terminals on the freeways. Ramps leading onto the freeways would be equipped with catapult devices which would get oncoming autos moving at the 100 (or more) mph speed through traffic. For, there is no beating around the bush about it, the experts stoutly maintain that once motorists have grown accustomed to automated driving, speeds will be boosted above 100 mph.

As speeds increase, one of the banes of present-day superhighways—the big truck-tractor rigs—will be changed, and then all but eliminated so far as the run-of-the-mill motorist is concerned. Instead of hauling one or two trailers, as is now the case, truck-tractors of the future will pull three, perhaps more, trailers on high-speed thoroughfares. These truck-trains will be at least 150 feet in length, and will weigh as much as 160,000 pounds when loaded. But, instead of mixing such mechanical monsters with 100 mph passenger cars, the experts would have them traveling on their own separate and distinct truckways, complete with their own terminals and interchanges.

With the development of vertiele-takeoff airplanes and supersonic jets, faster travel by air is envisioned by transportation forecasters. Vertiele-takeoff craft—known generally as VTOs—capable of using limited landing areas, will be in use by 1970, it is believed. Increasing popularity of VTOs is expected to prompt the construction of small fields around the nation's metropolitan centers, thus also making air terminals more accessible to a majority of travelers. Within two decades, it is believed, inclement weather no longer will be a bugaboo to airline schedules since planes will be able to take off and land with as little as 50-foot visibility. Not only that, but planes from the small satellite airports will carry passengers to nearby cities or to the major terminals.

Talk about speed. The Federal Aviation Agency has set 1970 as the target for developing jets which will fly at 2000 mph, but the big question is whether they will prove to be economically worthwhile.

Although the Russians introduced their mammoth *Antaeus* airplane at the International Air Show in Paris this summer and stole the thunder from American airplane manufacturers, there are builders who still would prefer to build, instead of a supersonic transport, other giant airliners capable of carrying up to 700 passengers. The Russian giant, tall as a five-story house and boasting a cargo capacity of 80 tons, awed spectators at the Paris show. It has a range of 3100 miles at its cruising speed of 420 mph, and is powered by four turboprop engines with twin propellers rotating in opposite directions. But, American aircraft experts—after the shock of seeing the immense plane wore off—opined that it was too "slow and primitive" to serve any great purpose.

They pointed out that by the time the *Antaeus* is ready for volume delivery, the U.S. should be flying its C-5A, a 600 mph jet that will be able to carry heavier loads faster and farther than the Russian craft. And, the U.S. hopes to put a 250-passenger, 2000 mph jet into the air during the mid-'70s. Indeed, the race for space is not the only competition to merit attention throughout the future. Supremacy in all kinds of transportation is also sought by the East and the West. Which, at least in one way, is good so far as the hapless motorist or train commuter of today is concerned. With such keen competition, improvements cannot be too far away. And when they come, hardly anyone's feelings will be hurt, whether they live in Moscow or New York City. MM

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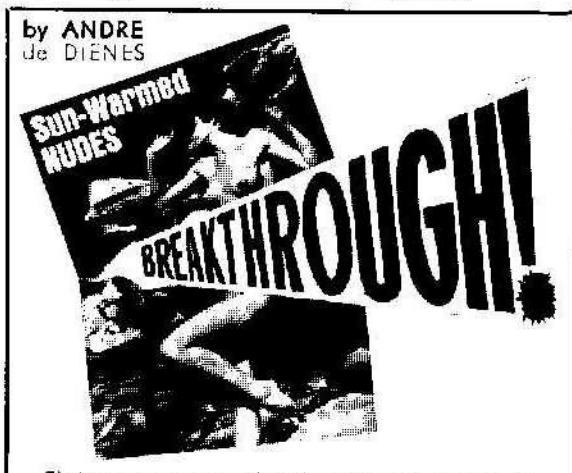

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college basketball 1965-1966

(*Continued from Page* 10)

scorer from last year, to give the Jayhawks a formidable offense.

The toughest team in the nation's roughest conference, the Big Ten, will again be the University of Michigan's Wolverines, and the man who is most responsible is everybody's All-American, Cazzie Russell. According to Dave Strack, capable Michigan mentor, Cazzie is the type of player most coaches often dream of, but never get on their team. His floor play is uncanny; he is a great passer and a phenomenal shot (598 points in 23 games last year); and he is an excellent rebounder and defense man. And, besides Russell, the Wolverines also have Oliver Darden, a 6' 7", 235 pound forward; Craig Dill, a giant pivot man; and Jim Pitts, the 6' 3" sophomore flash from Detroit.

Fighting Michigan for the Big Ten title this year will be the University of Illinois, which will put a seasoned quintet on the court. Six foot, two inch Don Freeman of Madison, Wis., a cinch All-American, and Skip Thoren, a 6' 9" sharpshooter from East Rockford, Ill., are scheduled to be the key players for the Illini.

Both Michigan and Illinois, however, will be getting stiff competition from the University of Minnesota squad, headed by Lou Hudson, easily one of the best players in the Big Ten due to his great shooting ability.

In the tough Missouri Valley Conference, the St. Louis Billikens, playing for Coach John Bennington, are a definite contender for the crown. Seven fast-moving lettermen are returning from last year's squad which rated high in Missouri Valley competition. But the Billikens will have to keep an eye on the University of Cincinnati hoopsters who are always tough. Wichita, which topped the league last year, will have difficulty holding its own after losing All-American Dave Stallworth and Nate Bowman.

Last season, the Ohio University basketeers were tabbed to finish fourth in the Mid-American Conference, but they cracked the forecasters' crystal ball by battering their way to the NCAA tournament. Ten of last year's 15-man squad will be back with Mike Hammond, a fine 5' 9" guard from Columbus, and Ted Schroeder, a 6' 9" center from Norwalk, Ohio, who was the leading rebounder in the Mid-American.

Looking eastward, there are a host of fine teams with Providence, St. Joseph's, St. John's, and possibly Boston College all vying for top honors. Providence's cagers, the nation's fourth-ranked team last year, will be severely tested by a suicide schedule. But the Friars have their five first string stars back again from a team that won 24 and lost 2, and went to the finals of the Eastern NCAA Regionals.

Triggering the Friars' speedy attack will be Jim Walker, a 205-pound, 6' 3" guard from Boston who should make All-American. A superb ball handler, he hit 532 points in 26 contests. Teamed up with Dexter Walker (no relation), a 6' 7" yearling with tricky movements, the Walker boys will make Providence hard to beat for top honors in the Middle Atlantic group.

Worthy of the price of admission to any of their games will be Cliff Anderson, the Philadelphia hot-shot from St. Joseph's classy squad; Bill Melchionni, a six-footer from Pennsauken, N.J., who will captain the Villanova Wildcats; southpaw Dave Bing, an All-American from Syracuse; Johnny Austin, a back court wizard for Bob Cousy, the former Boston Celtic star who now coaches Boston College; 6' 11" Henry Finkel of Dayton, one of the highest scorers in collegiate ranks, and Lloyd "Sonny" Dove, the 6' 6" sharpshooter from the St. John's University squad who also is touted for All-American honors by the end of the season.

Princeton University, although it lost the greatest player of the 1964-65 season when Bill Bradley got his sheepskin, should repeat in the weak Ivy League. In the Atlantic Coast Conference, Duke University's Blue Devils must be given the edge with such dead-eyes as Bob Verga, Jack Marin, and Bob Riedy. The University of Maryland again figures to be the powerhouse of the Atlantic Coast with seven seniors and four juniors returning from a team that won 18 and lost only 8 last season.

Ray Skinner, mentor of the Vanderbilt University team and coach of the year in the Southeastern Conference, will be driving his Commodores toward a championship again this season. Clyde Lee, an All-American prospect who scored 579 points in 26 games, spearheads Vanderbilt's point-happy offense.

The third highest scoring team in the University of Texas history, the Longhorns of 1964-65, emerged as co-champions of the tough Southwest Conference. From all indications they are again the team to beat, although Southern Methodist's Mustangs could stampede to the title, led by Mickey White and Paul Oliver who are excellent scorers and fine rebounders.

That's just about the way the 1965-66 season looks from here. But basketball is a game of intangibles since anything can happen—and probably will. It is a game that promotes endless arguments and comparisons, and almost passionate loyalties. When the coming season begins, with its speculation and promises, it seems to offer a little more to look forward to. It will also lend considerably more for fervent loyalists to worry about.

After all, basketball is a game that depends on how the ball bounces.

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stirling moss

(*Continued from Page* 38)

Clark are, I think, very good friends—in the same way I would like to consider myself a very good friend of both of them, and of others who went before. I mean, in the latter case, even drivers I was trying hard to beat. Men like Jean Behra, or like Mike Hawthorn. But it's a *comradeship* rather than anything terribly close. Your best friends seem to always come from outside the sport.

One day recently, as Jimmy Clark was being amazed at himself and how he got into the racing limelight, I was talking to Billy Walker, the man who many persons are picking to be the next British heavyweight boxing champion. He also likes fast cars, often admitting to a passion for them. He, at the time, owned an Austin Healy, and a Jag, and he had a bit of a yen for a Bentley Continental. But he said: "I know deep down that I would never have the pluck to be a Stirling Moss or a Jimmy Clark. I would be all right at most speeds. But going flat out over the brow of a hill—that kind of thing would scare me."

Now that surprised me a little. Not so much that Walker might have been scared; a man has a right to be scared of such things as these. But that he should imagine this to be an emotion not shared by top drivers. I would say that any driver who has never known true fear is a danger, both to himself and to everybody else. Remember when Clark's suspension broke when he had that practice run for the Indy a few months back? "A bit breathtaking, that," is what he said. Sure, he went right on racing—but he did, even in his unorthodox way, admit to something which welled up inside him. If only for a split second. Something that took his breath away.

I've been scared. But, on the other hand, after the Goodwood shunt (the accident in which Moss nearly was killed) I was euphoric. In other words, I was in an unreal state of well-being—nothing worried me, nothing scared me. Now, euphoria, if it goes far enough, can be very dangerous. You can walk across Piccadilly Circus—or through Times Square for that matter—in the middle of a rush hour, thoroughly convinced that nothing will hurt you. You can walk along the foot-wide ledge of a building, 300 feet up, and feel sure that you just couldn't possibly fall. Danger ceases to exist in your mind and you sense that you somehow are immortal. Others may die, but not you. It took me a long time to get over that.

Normally, a lot of things worry me. Motor bikes scare me to death, and I couldn't bring myself to dive off the highboard at a swimming pool. Jump, yes. Dive, no. And the thought of being trapped in a blazing car always worried me—I was truly frightened at Spa when I lost a wheel going at around 140 mph.

Sure, Clark, and Hill, and Surtees, and Gurney—or any of them—have had their bad moments now and then. Every racing driver does, sooner or later. Back in 1961—at Monza—remember when Germany's Wolfgang von Trips swerved his Ferrari suddenly while Jimmy was directly behind him in a Lotus? It happened in an instant. The two cars touched at 150 mph, and the Ferrari shot up an embankment, ricocheted off a guardrail, and somersaulted back onto the track. There was nothing that anyone—much less Jimmy—could do for Trips, or for the 17 hapless spectators who were leaning against the fence. "When a thing like that happens," said Jimmy, "you vow that you will never drive in a race again. But then your mind begins to function and everyday things begin to crowd their way back. Three days later you are packing your bags for another race. I am lucky to have been blessed with a short memory."

Short memory, notwithstanding, neither Jimmy nor I will forget when, back in 1961, the plucky Scot had been plagued by misfortune—at the Dutch Grand Prix, at Monaco, and at Spa when mechanics worked through the night to install a new gear box and engine in his Lotus. But Jim managed to work his way into the lead on the first lap, and captured his first Grand Prix victory. Before the season ended he had grabbed two more wins. His luck apparently had changed, and he heard himself hailed "as the new Stirling Moss." All that praise was flattering, but Jim could not have cared less. He had wanted to win the title that went instead to Graham Hill. He might have, too, if "one bloody little runt of a screw" hadn't dropped from the distributor shaft, losing his oil at the time he was leading the South African Grand Prix. But he's rated at the top now, and it didn't take him very long to get there. He's up there with the best of the business. Clark, Surtees, Hill, and Gurney. Almost like a poker hand. Four driving aces back-to-back. No wonder that racing never had it so good.

"Oh nothing much—what's new with you?"

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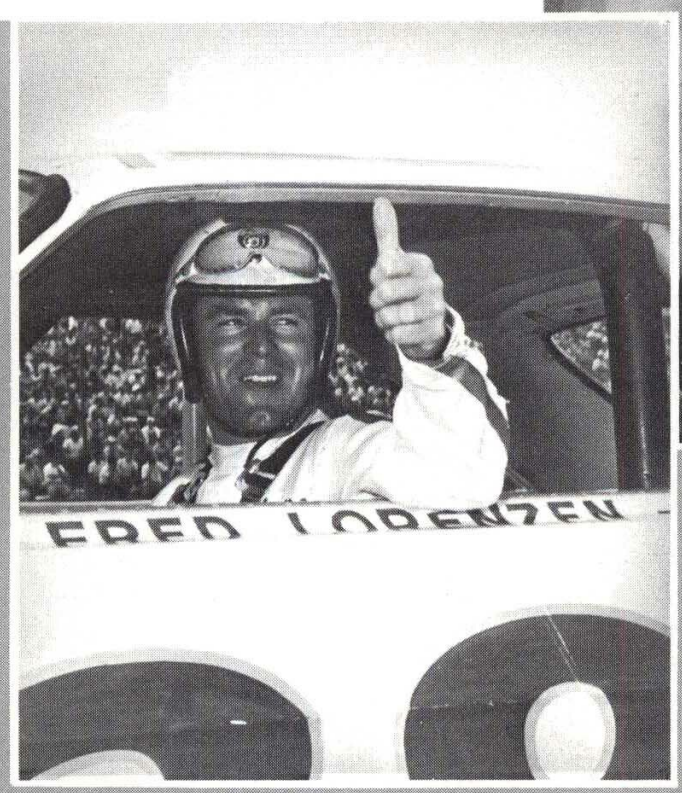
on land—the fastest man

If the spoils of victory are made sweeter by the bitterness of the battle, then a trophy and a kiss make a very tasty after-race dessert for stock car driver Fred Lorenzen (below, right). Lorenzen, you see, is the biggest money winner on the NASCAR circuit; and to be that good in that league, a driver must fight with more than his share of guts. His story — in next month's MM — is a wild ride you won't want to miss.



In the next issue of **MODERN MAN**

in water—the coolest chicks

The Hollywood idea of an informal pool party is one where gals in topless swimsuits are overdressed. But—alas—most people get no closer to such affairs than the next rumor. However, that situation is herewith corrected, because you are invited to get into the swim of things (in the next issue) at a wing-ding that makes a Roman bathhouse look like winter in Siberia.

MODERN

MAN

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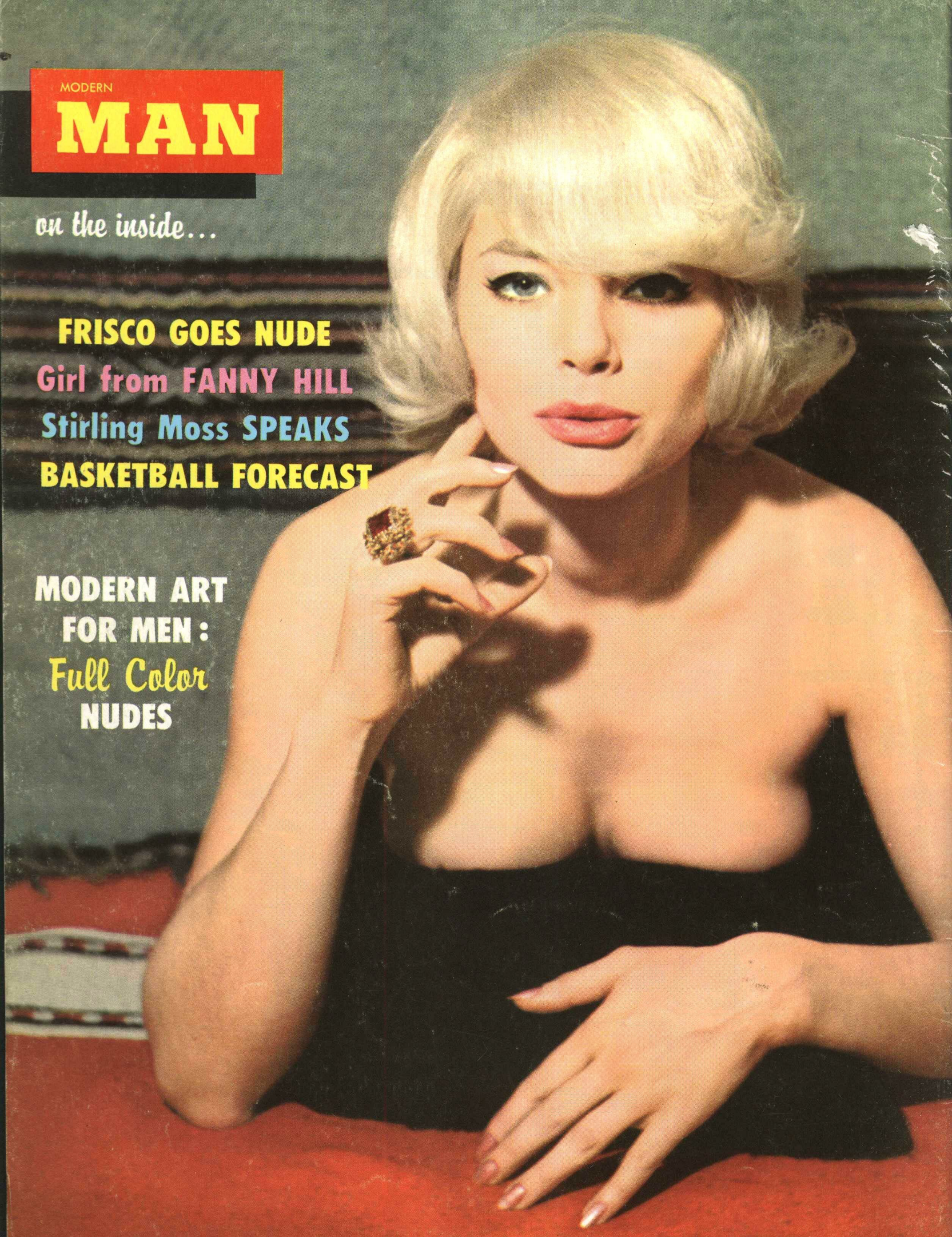

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